THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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The Negro as the South Sees Him

By Joel Chandler Harris

I—THE OLD-TIME DARKY

TIME has been sadly misrepresented by those who have felt called upon to paint his portrait. He is pictured forth as a senile old creature, scantily clothed, and carrying about with him an unwieldy scythe and an impossible hour-glass. Moreover, he is referred to as old Father Time, to make good the picture of his senility; whereas, he is as young now as he was in the beginning, and capers about under and over the stars and about the earth as nimbly as the most frolicsome youth; and he is the gayest humorist the world has ever seen. He cracks a joke in one century and the point thereof appears in the next, where it is often misunderstood by the serious-minded brethren who are responsible for such partisan history as becomes current in the different ages. There may be a grimness about these jokes, but the pith of them is unmistakable.

Time is no respecter of persons or theories, or opinions that are set up as principles; and he has done a good part by the South during the past forty years. He has poured a healing balm into wounds that were deemed incurable, and he has even shed a halo of the brightest romance over a past that was not without its serious and fatiguing problems. He has brought consolation to those who imagined they should never be consoled, and has showered on them compensations that they never so much as dreamed of.

And he has so ordered our day dreams that memories of the old plantation, its shifting scenes and properties, have become the brightest and the pleasantest of all the dreams we have, and has changed the old days that we thought so dull and prosy, and charged them with the spirit of poetry and romance. The change has been so real that a body of song and fiction has budded and blossomed around it.

In this matter, indeed, Time has been somewhat forehanded, for the romance that has taken shape in poetry and fiction was a quality to be reckoned with long before the system that made the old plantation possible had disappeared in the thunderous storm of war. A lady of the North, who was, fortunately for all concerned, a genius, so far fell under its influence that an anti-slavery tract she was writing—giving it the shape of a novel—is a defense of the system that she intended to attack.

She had hardly put pen to paper before her genius took possession of her and compelled her, in spite of her avowed purpose, to give a very fair picture of the institution she had intended to condemn. She declaimed, indeed, against the possibilities of slavery, but something or other she found in it attracted her sympathy, so that the spirit and purpose of her book is almost entirely different from what it was intended to be. There has been some recent controversy with respect to this particular feature of Uncle Tom's Cabin, but it seems to me to be impossible for any unprejudiced person to read Mrs. Stowe's book and fail to see in it a defense of American slavery as she found it in Kentucky.

This defense will, of course, not be found in the text of the book, and it is useless to look for it there. It was far, very far, from the lady's intention to pay a tribute to slavery, even as she found it; her moral nature was inflamed against it, and her purpose was all the other way; but, as I have said, she had among her other possessions the spark of genius that is necessary to make the creations of fiction live and move, each in its place, and to that genius she surrendered herself in such a way that the whole spirit of her book is sharply set against her moral purpose; and it was so far superior to her prepossessions and prejudices that it would not permit her to smother or ignore the tender and romantic situation that she found in the home of her Kentucky friends. She was impelled by the demands of her art to set forth the facts as she found them. And so, as it turns out, all the worthy and beautiful characters in her book—Uncle Tom, little Eva, the beloved Master, and the rest—are the products of the system the text of the book is all the time condemning. The contrast is heightened and made more effective by the fact that the cruelest and most brutal character she depicts—the character whose villainy is most fruitful—is a Northerner, the product of a State from which slavery had long been banished; and the reader is left to wonder if a representative of New England civilization could be as brutal as Legree.

The Real Moral of Uncle Tom's Cabin

THE real moral that Mrs. Stowe's book teaches is that the possibilities of slavery anywhere and everywhere are shocking to the imagination, while the realities, under the best and happiest conditions, possess a romantic beauty and a tenderness all their own; and it has so happened in the course of time that this romantic feature, so beautifully brought out in a volume that was for a long time taboo in the South, has become the essence, and almost the substance, of the old plantation as we remember it.

We live and move in a harsh and an unfeeling world; it is so hard and cold and practical that we dare not give an inkling of our real thoughts and feelings to our next-door neighbor, lest we become victims of his derision; but this hard world that lies all about us is ready to turn aside from the business of the moment, and melt and grow warm with tenderness, when it is confronted with romance that is based on human relations. And if there were ever human relations that were romantic and picturesque they were to be found on the old plantation in the days of slavery. The flight of time has mellowed and hallowed the memory of those days, and all that was beautiful in the life then existing has become a part of the pleasant dreams of those who came in contact with the old order that passed away more than a generation ago.

This romantic and picturesque element which the memory furnishes ready-made to those who are interested in the past has not only given rise to a body of very effective literature, but has gathered about it the associations that cling to the names of old friends for whom we mourn. It is far from depending on literature for its preservation, for it has become a part of the oral traditions of the South, and is faithfully transmitted from the old to the young; so that those who never came in contact with the old plantation and the old-time darky, who was its central figure, have come to have an intimate acquaintance with both through the reports of their elders.

It is a common saying in the South that we have very few of the old-time negroes left with us; that the places that once knew them will soon know them no more forever; and we shake our heads sadly and lament the conditions that are so soon to deprive us of one of our most cherished and picturesque relics. But there is good reason for saying that the situation is not so bad as that. The oldest and most venerable of the negroes are, of course, passing away very rapidly, and it is reasonable to suppose that very few of them are left; but we must take into account those who, at the close of the war, belonged to the younger generation of negroes, and had not only come in direct contact with the discipline of the plantation, but had fallen under the immediate influence of their forebears.

When we speak of the old-time negro we have in our minds a picture of a venerable darky, with white hair and trembling limbs, and his body bending under the weight of years. But at this point the imagination outruns itself, for we are bound, as I have already said, to take into consideration those who were comparatively young when the war came to an end, but who were not too young to fall under the influence of the older negroes and to be impressed by their example, as well as by their affability and gentility. In the nature of things, therefore,

Editor's Note—This is the first of three papers by Mr. Harris. The second will appear in an early issue.

we must have in the South to-day a large body of old-time negroes between fifty and seventy years of age, whose tact and conservatism have exerted a tremendous influence on the race, and whose example has been fruitful in good results in the midst of many difficulties.

It should be clearly understood that although the old plantation negroes are the objects of sentiment, they were very little sentimental themselves; on the contrary, they were intensely practical. They went about their business with a simplicity and an energy that accomplished wonders. It has been said of them that they were very humble. It is true, but not true enough to bear the meaning that the term ordinarily carries with it. They were humble, but genuine humility, since the world began, has never borne any relation to servility; and especially is this true if we are to take the old-time family servant as the type.

To refer to him is to recall relations and conditions that will never be fully understood except by those who were personally familiar with the workings of the plantation system in the days of slavery. After the master and mistress, the old family servant was by all odds the most influential person on the place, and when he thought that those above him were going wrong in their management of affairs or making a mistake he was prompt to call their attention to the fact; and yet he never intruded his advice. He had the tact to make it appear that his opinion had been asked, and, though he gave it respectfully, his attitude was one of humorous firmness.

If the mistress was an invalid, or if the master was in the habit of taking too much toddy, as sometimes happened, the old family servant had charge of affairs, and the responsibilities with which he was burdened seemed to add to his modesty and humility. If it fell to his lot to rebuke one or all of the house servants, or to scold some laggard who failed in his duty, he did it right heartily — though when his temper seemed to be at its worst he was usually laughing behind his hand. As for those who fell under his criticism, they knew that if they made any loud protests they would be sent to the field, where the tasks were heavier.

When Master and Mistress Were Away

IN THE absence of both master and mistress from home — an event that frequently occurred — he was capable of doing the honors of the household with a zest and discretion well worth witnessing. The casual or the unexpected guest would be made as welcome and feel the glow of as warm a hospitality as if his visit had been long expected and prepared for. Such a negro as I am trying to describe from memory was a gentleman from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. He was not pompous, for he had no unseemly pride, and he was as much concerned for the good name of the family as any of its members; and if there were children coming on, he was instant, in season and out of season, in reminding them of the demands which their family name and their blood made on their attitude and conduct. He held his head as high as his master, and yet he was toned down, so to say, by an affability and a gentle dignity that would be hard to match in these days of money-getting.

It was not always necessary to faithfulness and good service that a negro of the kind I am trying to describe should be born and raised on the place, or that he should have been with the family many years. One of the best and most faithful I have ever known came into the family which he has served for nearly forty years almost by accident. A gentleman who is to-day living in Atlanta chanced to be in Savannah in the early sixties. He was a captain of artillery in the First Georgia Regiment, which had been stationed on the coast, and he was in Savannah on leave of absence.

In Savannah, as in all large towns, there was a slave mart, and curiosity led the gentleman I am speaking of to visit it. As he was passing through he thought he heard some one speaking to him, and he paused to make sure. Then it was that he heard a likely-looking young negro address him: "Please, suh, marster, buy me; I'll make you a good nigger." The appeal was repeated in pleading tones as long as the gentleman remained within hearing, but, in the nature of things, he paid small attention to it. He was in an active arm of the Confederate service, and had no need, as he thought, of another negro.

And yet, the pleading and earnest tones of the negro came to him in his dreams and haunted him the next day, with the result that he finally became the owner of Jerry, which was the name of the negro. The promise that Jerry made was faithfully fulfilled. He went with his master through the war, nursed him, as one may say, from death to life on more than one occasion, and was never at any time, except when sent off on some necessary duty, out of hearing of his master's beloved voice.

At one period of the war, when events were pressing very heavily on the Confederates, Jerry's master found it necessary to send his wife and infant child from South Carolina to Middle Georgia, and who but Jerry should be chosen to take charge of them? The road was full of perils; danger menaced them from every side; but Jerry seemed to be quite oblivious to all this, and his good humor and cheerfulness were unfailing. The campfires of the Union army could often be seen in the distance, but there was never any doubt in the mind of the mistress as to what Jerry would do. And her confidence was more than justified. He carried mother and child safely across two States, placed them in the hands of their friends and kindred, and then deliberately retraced his steps and joined his master, who was at the front.

I am citing a particular instance for the purpose of illustrating a condition of affairs that was general. There was no need for the master to say to his servant, "You see how I trust you; I am placing in your care those who are dearer to me than the whole world besides;" nor was there any need for the servant to declare that he would do his duty as far as he could; these things were understood and acted on. But this feeling of mutual confidence sometimes led to amusing results. I remember one incident that was not without its humorous side. The faithful body servant of a Georgian planter, who was known all over the State, was given a well-earned holiday, and he took advantage of the fact to put saddle and bridle on one of the carriage horses and ride to a neighboring plantation where some of his friends were to be found.

The horse was missed in due time, and the mistress was somewhat irritated over the fact, for she had intended on that day to pay a long-promised visit to one of her neighbors. She was already dressed for "going abroad," as we used to say in Georgia, and when word came that one of the carriage horses was missing she was very much disappointed — indeed, she was very angry.

She took the matter so seriously that the master caught something of her disappointment, and when the negro returned with the horse he was taken somewhat sharply to task. He said not a word in reply until his master asked him why he had taken one of the carriage horses. "Well, suh," he replied, "fer one thing, I tuck dat ar hoss kaze he racks under de saddle, an' fer 'nother, I had de idee dat de ka'ige hosses b'long'd ter we-all, same ez de yuthers." The remark was made so simply and apparently so earnestly that both master and mistress fell to laughing, and the negro escaped a further scolding.

The Many Lifelong Friendships

OFTENTIMES the intercourse between master and servant, though not intimate, was decidedly familiar and confidential. A planter of Middle Georgia — one of the best men I ever knew — had a habit of taking with him, whenever he went on a journey in his buggy, an old family servant, in the face of the fact that some of his white friends would have been glad of an opportunity to ride with him. As the planter was one of the most prominent lawyers in the State, the time came when his brethren at the bar rallied him on his preferring the company of a negro to that of a white man. "Gentlemen," he remarked in his stately way, "whenever some of you young men convince me that you can be as entertaining as Ephraim, and are able to give me as sound advice on matters of law and life, I shall be glad to leave him at home and take one of you in his place." Ephraim continued to ride with his master until both grew too old to travel about in a buggy, and both died within a few hours of each other.

It will be observed that I am still taking particular instances to illustrate general conditions, and I am also taking a particular section of the South which may be fairly said to represent the whole. I can only speak with absolute knowledge of Middle Georgia, but those who had reason to know have informed me that, with some little differences, not essential to the welfare of the negro, the conditions were pretty much the same all over the South.

I am sure that in Middle Georgia the relations between master and slave were as perfect as they could be under the circumstances; and down to this day, it seems to me that the negroes in that region are more intelligent, better disposed and have a clearer understanding of their responsibilities as citizens than those of any other part of the country. For a time they were misled by the carpetbaggers and scalawags, but they soon recovered from the delusion.

Indeed, I think that there was always a clearer and a better understanding between the whites and blacks in Middle Georgia than existed elsewhere. This was partly due to the fact that it was, and is, the most truly democratic region in the world. The class distinctions that we read about in the fiction produced before the war, and in some of the Northern objections advanced against the South, had no existence in Middle Georgia. The poor man was as highly respected as his rich neighbor, provided his character and conduct were such as to commend themselves. Money and property were very good things in their way, but they were not everything.

I am reminded of an anecdote related in Governor Gilmer's Georgians, a volume that is now out of print. It seems that on one occasion Judge Dooly, of humorous memory, was on his way to hold court in the upper part of Middle Georgia. With a companion, he made an early start, and by noon the travelers began to feel the pinch of hunger. Finally, they came in sight of a neat double cabin and, having hailed the house, they inquired of the lady who came to the door if they could get dinner. The reply was that they were welcome to such a meal as they would find.

The Judge and the Field Hand

THEY were too hungry to be choice, and so they very quickly accepted an invitation to "'light and come in." There was no cloth on the dining-table, but the hostess provided a big bowl of clabber, with a plentiful supply of cold cornbread, and three pewter spoons. This done, she informed the guests that they would have to wait until Jim — this may not be the name that Governor Gilmer used, but it will do as well as another — could be called from the field where he was at work, so that he might share the meal.

Naturally enough, Judge Dooly and his companion supposed that Jim was the woman's husband, and so they waited with what patience they could. Their surprise may be imagined when, in response to the blowing of the dinner-horn, a huge negro made his appearance, and, after washing his face and hands in the same vessel the guests had used, drew a chair to the table and, seizing one of the spoons, fell to with a zest that bade fair to leave nothing for Judge Dooly and his companion. The woman herself informed the guests that Jim had "a powerful appetite," and if they desired any dinner they would do well to join him in his onslaught on the clabber.

The hunger of the judge and his companion caused them to smother whatever amazement or aversion they may have felt, and so, drawing up chairs and arming themselves with spoons, they proceeded to help themselves to the clabber and cornbread. The negro's voracious appetite caused him to eat very rapidly, and he began to make excursions on that part of the bowl that Judge Dooly and his companion had reserved for their own. Nothing but the inimitable humor of Judge Dooly saved the clabber. He pushed the negro's spoon away, saying, "Spoony on your own side, Jimmy; spoony on your own side!"

Governor Gilmer relates this as an example of the humor of Judge Dooly, but, in point of fact, it is more illustrative of the care taken of the negroes in the years succeeding the Revolution. The relations between the slaves and their owners became less close as the people grew more prosperous,

(Concluded on Page 23)

"DO IT YOURSELF, COULDN'T YOU?" ASKED KAYZER SARCASTICALLY

"ANDY'S WAY"

He had His Own Ideas of Demonstrating that Wealth is a Public Trust

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

WHEN Andrew Conkey spoke of doing a thing "Andy's way" people thought he had reference to himself and consequently considered it an evidence of conceit; later they knew better. He had no intention of giving the impression that he thought there was only one Andy in the world, although he had a pretty good opinion of himself and of his ability. But they thought at first that he considered himself *the* Andy and they scoffed. Later they took the view that, if he were not *the* Andy, at least he was justified in assuming the title of Andy II.

Conkey was a cabinet-maker, and he was a good one. His shop was not a large one, but he was successful, for he was industrious and original. He designed what he called "a magazine cabinet" in his odd moments, and it became the rage in a small way. In these days of many magazines it proved to be a wonderfully convenient piece of furniture, occupying little space and relieving the bookcase or reading-table of much of its transient burden. Of course, any carpenter could make one, but Conkey made the first, and somehow people got the idea that none was genuine that did not come from his shop. So he was obliged to employ an extra "hand" to keep up with his orders. Then, with some slight modifications, he made of his magazine cabinet a music-rack, and there were more orders. He gained an enviable business reputation that spread to adjacent towns. Other cabinets might be "almost as good," but there was a feeling that a great mistake was being made if one did not get "a genuine Conkey cabinet" when investing in anything in that line.

This was the situation when Ashport sought to have a new library. The existing library was behind the times and altogether unsatisfactory. Of course, it would have been easier to spend whatever sum was necessary to bring it up to date than to establish a new one, but there is a fascination about the word "new" that other words lack.

"What we oughter have," said Abraham Kayzer, "is one o' them endowed libraries. I ain't much on books myself, but the women folks like 'em, an', anyhow, cities that ain't no bigger or better than Ashport has endowed libraries. All we want is some feller to put up the cash."

"Oh, 'most anybody could do that Andy's way," remarked Conkey.

"Do it yourself, couldn't you?" asked Kayzer sarcastically.

"Reckon I could," replied Conkey, "but mebbe you wouldn't like it."

Kayzer reported this to others, and the others laughed. It was a good joke—so good a joke that Ira Gartley felt impelled to stop at the cabinet-maker's shop one day to ask about it.

"Going to give us a library Andy's way?" he inquired facetiously.

"Think you want it?" asked Conkey by way of reply.

"Of course we do," said Gartley.

"Mebbe I'll try," said Conkey.

Gartley was one of the principal merchants of the place, and he was impressed by the fact that Conkey seemed to be serious.

"I shouldn't wonder if he had money enough to do it if he wanted to," he told Henry Dawson. "He's made a big thing out of those cabinets, and he doesn't spend anything, so he must have quite a bit put aside. But his conceit in talking about Andy's way is what amuses me."

"What does he mean by that?" asked Dawson.

"Oh, I suppose it refers to the conditions he'd make if he gave the money or a good part of it," explained Gartley. "Everybody who gives anything these days makes conditions, you know, and he wants to swell up as big as the rest of them. What he means to say is that the thing must be done his way if he puts up the cash. Perhaps he'll want to choose the site or bar a certain line of books, or he may insist that we shall raise some additional money or call it the Conkey Library. It's a little matter of vanity, I imagine."

"Well, the vanity is all right if he's got the money," remarked Dawson.

"Oh, I guess he's got it all right—enough to be a basis for a good fund—but no one ever thought he'd give it. With $10,000 for a start we could do a lot, even if he gave no more. Better keep him stirred up with a few jokes about Andy's way and see what comes of it."

In accordance with this plan, which was communicated to others, the cabinet-maker began to hear a good deal about the library, but he failed to make any definite announcement of his intentions.

"It's easy done," he said, "if a man goes at it right."

"Of course, if he has the money," some one suggested.

"Oh, that ain't worryin' me," he returned; "it's the work."

"But we'd do the work for you," another urged.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, "I sort o' reckon you would. But there's thinkin' to be done, an' I'm thinkin'. Mebbe I'll try it, if you're sure you want it Andy's way."

They were sure they wanted it any way that they could get it, but one of them did venture to tell him that it was hardly in good taste to harp so persistently on himself and his methods.

"Think so?" said Conkey.

"I know it," was the reply. "Your way of making cabinets is all right, but it remains to be seen what there is in your way of making libraries."

"Think so?" said Conkey again. "Well, fact is, I got so much to do right now that I can't bother 'bout the library. Soon as I get a breathin' spell I'll fix it up, though—that is, it looks pretty sure to me now that I will."

A few days later Conkey went to see John Harshall, the leading lawyer of Ashport, and asked what chance there was of getting a patent on his magazine cabinet. Harshall did not see how the cabinet could be patented as a whole, but there were some minor features that he thought were patentable.

"That will be enough to make the Conkey cabinet distinctive," he explained. "If it becomes popular elsewhere, as it is here, others may imitate it in part but not in its entirety."

"Seems like there ought to be money in it," remarked Conkey.

"Surely," said the lawyer. "All you need is to get it on the market and push it."

"I been thinkin'," said Conkey, "that I ought to advertise."

"I didn't know you were so progressive!" exclaimed Harshall. "That is just what you ought to do. I believe you've got a good thing there—a convenient novelty—and all you need is to get it put forward in the right way."

"I been thinkin'," Conkey added in his guileless way, "that, havin' that for the main thing, I could turn out letter-file cabinets an' 'most everything in that line as a side issue."

"Great!" cried Harshall. "You've got the right idea for a big plant—one thing distinctively your own as a sort of trade-mark, and then everything else that you can make."

"I been thinkin'," Conkey persisted, still showing no signs of the lawyer's enthusiasm, "that I better make a stock company of it first."

"Why?" asked the lawyer.

"Oh, they all do it," said Conkey. "Want any stock?"

"I certainly do," said the lawyer, "if the thing looks as good on further investigation as it does now."

Conkey pondered the subject a few minutes.

"I'm tacklin' a big thing," he said finally; "bigger'n anybody else knows——"

"How big?" asked the lawyer.

"A library," said Conkey.

"I don't understand," said the lawyer.

"'Tain't necessary you should," said Conkey. "What I'm gettin' at is this: I'm goin' to need a lawyer, the best lawyer hereabouts. That's you. I know what I'm goin' to do an' how I'm goin' to do it, but there's tangles that might ketch me, an' I got to have a lawyer to look out for 'em. Now, I'll let you in on this deal—right on the inside—but you got to be my personal lawyer an' rassle with any tangles I throw at you when the time comes."

"That's rather a strange proposition, Mr. Conkey," the lawyer suggested. "You're not giving me stock in this company with the idea that I shall do anything dishonorable in connection with it, are you?"

"All you got to do is to give me the best advice you know how when I ask for it," said Conkey. "I'll do all the doin' that's to be done."

"You retain my services with stock instead of with cash. Is that it?"

"That's it."

"Then I'll go in, for the thing looks very promising to me," said the lawyer.

When the plan was suggested to others they were equally enthusiastic. They thought they fully understood the details of Conkey's plan: he had money and a "good thing," and he wished to clinch the "good thing" before releasing his grasp on any of the money. In other words, he wanted his business put on a basis that would insure him an income before giving away his surplus cash. That was evidence of a better "head for business" than they had supposed he possessed. Nevertheless, in spite of the promising outlook, one or two of the more cautious took the trouble to ask Harshall about the scheme. Harshall knew the details, attended to the incorporation, was a smart man, and Conkey had given him as a reference.

"It looked good to me," said Conkey modestly, "an' Harshall says I'm right. Course I'm not much on big deals myself."

"I can only say," said Harshall, when appealed to, "that it looks so promising to me that I am going into it myself."

He did not say, however, that he was going in without the investment of a dollar of his own cash. Nevertheless, he spoke honestly so far as his judgment went, and his opinion had weight. Conkey, in view of the fact that he was putting in the business and the plant, retained a controlling interest, and a block of moderate size was put aside as "treasury stock."

"Why?" asked one of the incorporators.

"Don't know," said Conkey, "but they all do it."

The company prospered from the beginning, but, strangely enough, Conkey continued to be reticent about the details of the library proposition. He said he was still thinking, that he had his money pretty well tied up for the moment, and that they would have to await the culmination of his plans. They were the more ready to do this because they were making money, and naturally felt inclined to humor the man who had done so much for them and the town. The money they had invested had been used to enlarge the plant and to advertise. Harshall had been able to interest a city jobber by quoting unusually favorable terms, and he was doing excellent work. They added gradually to the product of their factory, making a second specialty of a pretty little china-cabinet, and incidentally putting on the market a sewing-table and an adjustable reading-table. There was nothing novel in these, but they were "Conkey goods"

"OH, THEY ALL DO IT," SAID CONKEY

and the "Conkey magazine cabinet" helped to make a market for them. Still Conkey looked troubled and maintained silence about the library.

"Looks to me," he told Harshall, "like we was payin' too much money to Denning's planing-mill. We get a mighty lot o' material from him."

"There are others," suggested Harshall, "if he is unreasonable in his charges."

"Oh, he's reasonable enough," returned Conkey, "but he's makin' too much, an' we're lettin' him do it. We don't want to run this business for outsiders."

"I suppose it would be cheaper in the long run to prepare our own material," remarked Harshall, "but it would require a considerable investment."

"What's the use?" asked Conkey. "Why not organize him?"

"Organize him!"

"That's it. Make a stock company of him. They all do it. It's easier to do things with stock than it is with men."

"I don't believe I quite follow you," said the lawyer.

"Well, you better," retorted Conkey. "That's what I hired you for. Make a stock company o' him."

And a stock company was made of Denning and his business. Conkey made the proposition and agreed to take some of the stock in exchange for stock in his own company, and Harshall looked after the details. Denning was glad to get into the big company, although he had to give a controlling interest in his own business to secure a small interest in the other, which seemed quite proper in view of the relative importance of the two concerns. Incidentally, others took stock in the Denning Lumber Company.

"I SAY LOTS O' THINGS TO MAKE PEOPLE GOOD-NATURED WHEN I'M DEALIN' WITH 'EM"

"But," Harshall told Conkey with a doubtful shake of his head, "you've sacrificed control of the big company to get control of the little one."

"Don't you worry 'bout me," retorted Conkey, as he opened a package he had brought to the lawyer's office. "All you got to do is to get a patent on this."

"What is it?" asked the lawyer.

"It's an adjustable picture-frame that I bought from one o' the workmen for a hundred dollars," explained Conkey. "I been holdin' it for the right time to come, an' I reckon it's come. You see, there ain't a woman livin' that don't want to change her pictures every little while—put new ones in old frames, an' all that. Well, this one has a back with a hinge, clasp an' fasteners for the picture, an' I'm plannin' to throw in three sizes o' mats with every frame. All you got to do is to open the back, adjust the picture on the fasteners, an' then clasp it shut. 'Course it won't do for oil paintings, but it's all right for photographs, engravings or anything that's on cardboard. I aim to make 'em all kinds an' sizes, an' every woman can frame an' reframe her pictures while she's dusting."

"Does this go to the company?" inquired Harshall.

"When the company gets it," replied Conkey. "You wait an' see."

As a matter of fact, the company had to turn over its treasury stock to Conkey to get the adjustable picture-frame, and thus Conkey regained his control.

"Now," he said, "I'm 'most ready for that library, but not quite."

"I should think you would be satisfied," suggested Henry Dawson.

"Oh, anybody could do this much," replied Conkey. "It ain't any trouble to organize things these days; the thing is to unload right. But you watch me," he added before Dawson could comment on this strange remark. "We ought to be gettin' our material cheaper."

"That's right," said Dawson, who owned no stock in the Denning mill and consequently did not care whether there was a profit there or not.

"I been workin' too hard gettin' this thing started," Conkey went on; "but now I'm goin' to sit in my office an' think an' run things. People has got to come to me from now on."

In this Conkey was as good as his word. He ceased his active work on the outside, but his influence was felt, for the first thing he did was to cut down the price of material furnished by the mill to the cabinet company. This brought Denning to him in haste, for Denning was still the manager of the mill.

"You're knocking out all the profit!" cried Denning.

"What's that to you?" retorted Conkey. "You got stock in the big company, too, ain't you? Well, we'll make our money in that."

"But the other stockholders in the mill——"

"I ain't workin' for the other stockholders; I'm workin' for the library, an' it's goin' to be a dandy."

"It seems to me," urged Denning, "that it's hardly fair to——"

Conkey's tilted chair came down to the floor with a bang.

"Now, look here," he said. "Any time this company ain't run to suit people we'll agree that the kicker can be sold out. Then we'll have harmony."

"But I don't want to be sold out," protested Denning.

"Then be harmonious," advised Conkey. "You're one o' those that wanted a library Andy's way, an' I'm givin' it to you."

Next Conkey put up the price of goods to the city jobber, and that brought the jobber to him in haste.

"I spent money pushing your goods because you gave them to me on favorable terms," said the jobber, "and now you're taking away nearly all of my profit. I'll have to advance my price, which will force up the retail price, in order to even up."

"If you do," said Conkey, "we'll undersell you direct from the factory an' cut off your supply besides."

"You seem to think," exclaimed the jobber angrily, "that you're the only people in this business. You've got a good lead, of course, but most of your goods are duplicated by other makers, and I'm in the best possible position to put forward those other goods. I'm going to sell the thing that makes me the best profit."

"If you do," said Conkey, "we'll have a jobbing house of our own inside o' thirty days an' we'll handle all the goods that you handle, as well as our own line. Then there's other jobbers that we'll make special rates to."

The jobber was in a tight place. He knew better than any one how much damage such competition would do.

"I've sacrificed nearly all my other business to handle and push your goods," he urged plaintively. "I've made myself your representative; I've become so identified with you that it would be like starting fresh to drop your line."

"Well, what did you do it for?" asked Conkey coolly.

"Because I was a fool!" growled the jobber.

"There's others," said Conkey, "but they ain't all found it out yet—only you an' some o' the stockholders in the Denning mill."

"What are you trying to do?" demanded the jobber.

"To be successful—somehow," answered Conkey. "We are leavin' you a little profit on the goods, an' you ought to be thankful for that."

The third sensational move of this new financier was to begin the manufacture of a line of bookcases that had previously been another company's specialty, and he sold them at a ruinous price. This brought a representative of the company to him, also in haste.

"What are you trying to do?" asked the representative.

"To make money—somehow," replied Conkey.

"But you can't do it that way," argued the representative. "There is no money in selling at the price you are making, and we can retaliate by entering your field."

"We got the start o' you," said Conkey calmly. "While you're gettin' ready to go into our field we'll be eatin' right along into yours. Besides, there's two o' our things that you can't duplicate exactly without havin' law troubles over patents. 'Course you might put up a fight that would be mean, but——"

"What are you after?" broke in the representative. "Are you trying to make us buy you off?"

"No," replied Conkey thoughtfully. "I thought I was doin' a good stroke o' business, but if my lawyer says I ain't, why, I'll own up I'm wrong. You see him."

The representative of the other company went to see Harshall, and Harshall was ready for him. Incidentally, Harshall was not a little mystified by the instructions he had previously received from Conkey, but he saw no reason why he should not act in accordance with them.

"When the chance comes," Conkey had told him, "you talk up the scheme of a big combination, an', once you're started, keep talkin'. Then watch me."

Clearly, this was the chance.

"It would seem to me," said the lawyer, when the case was presented to him, "that there is an excellent opportunity here for a harmony of interests. There are various concerns here that are so nearly in the same line that they ought to do well under one management."

The representative of the other company—Dobson by name—was startled. This seemed to be an explanation of Conkey's conduct: he was trying to force a combination.

"Would he go in with us?" he asked.

"I don't know," replied the lawyer, "but"—here he was again acting under the mystifying instructions—"there are other interested men who would, I think—especially if Conkey would consent to sell out."

Dobson was suspicious, for he could not forget that the suggestion came from Conkey's lawyer, but the question certainly was worth investigation. He lingered in town long enough to look the ground over, and discovered that the minority stockholders in the mill company would enter upon any scheme that promised a change of management. Even Denning seemed to think favorably of it, and suggested that it might be well to see Briggs, the Chicago jobber, who had been very bitter on his last visit to the town. Dobson, after returning home for consultation with the officers of his company, went to see Briggs, and he found Briggs enthusiastic.

"Take in my jobbing house," he said, "and we'll have the whole thing under one management. You'll need just such a city headquarters as that will give you. I don't want anything better than to get into the company that gets that cold-blooded hyena out of the way. He's done me already."

Meanwhile, Conkey was sticking close to his office, making himself unpopular, and waiting. Just to pass away the time he had "eliminated" one stockholder who proved troublesome, so there was one more man with the opposition. It was, said the man, a deliberate case of "freeze-out." Somehow Conkey seemed to enjoy opposition. Every move he made seemed intended to show how dangerous he could be, and the movement to "eliminate" him gathered strength and finally culminated in a call from Denning.

"We want to know," said Denning, "on what terms you will sell out your holdings?"

"I can't talk o' these things with outside parties," replied Conkey. "If the stockholders want to buy me out that's another matter."

"Stockholders!" cried Denning. "I'm a stockholder."

"Oh, no, you ain't," retorted Conkey. "I sold you out under the ironclad agreement long ago. The check's been waitin' for you with the treasurer ever since."

"Agreement!" cried Denning. "There never was one. You made a proposition, and that's all there was to it."

"Well, you get to go into court to prove that," said Conkey. "The stock's transferred an' the certified check is waitin' for you. 'Course that's only in the big company; you're still in the mill."

"And the mill doesn't pay!" exclaimed Denning. "Whatever we make on outside orders is eaten up by the cut-throat rate at which you make us sell to the big company."

"I'm makin' a library," chuckled Conkey.

"Hang your library!" cried Denning. "I'll make you pay for this high-handed outrage!"

As he rushed out of the office Conkey, following him with his eyes, commented thoughtfully: "He's mad enough to pay a good price to get me out o' the way. They all are, I guess."

However, Conkey stuck to his determination to deal with no outside parties, and the negotiations had to be carried on through Gartley and Dawson. To them he offered to sell for $500,000 cash. They demurred, pointing out that this was considerably more than the total capitalization of both the cabinet company and the mill. Of course, they had started in a comparatively small way, had used a good share of the profits in enlarging the plants and increasing the business, and the two concerns now represented more than the original investment, but they deemed $300,000 for his interests an outside figure.

"An even half-million dollars *in cash*," he repeated, "an' $20,000 for a thirty-day option at that price. After that it goes up. I don't want to be hard on *you*," he explained, "so you divide the option money up among all that's in the deal, an', if it don't go through, I'll give you back your share; but I'm doin' business on business principles with the outsiders. They're goin' to make money out o' this, an' all they got to do is to capitalize for more than they planned. It don't cost much to print stock certificates."

After consultation they accepted his terms—it was worth almost anything to get him out of the way, especially to the outsiders—and put up the option money. But in thirty days they were back without the purchase price.

"It's a pretty big sum," they explained, "and money is not easy to get just now. Would you be willing to take part of it in securities?"

"Not a cent," replied Conkey.

"Then extend the option," urged Gartley. "The deal is all right, but circumstances have made it impossible to get the cash at this moment."

Conkey reflected.

"For $30,000," he said at last, "I'll make the option for ninety days instead of thirty."

"That's $10,000 more," commented Dawson.

"That's $30,000 more," said Conkey.

"But you already have $20,000!"

"That's forfeited," asserted Conkey. "And the option price goes up to $600,000."

The two looked at each other in dismay.

"Well, give us back our share of the option money," said Gartley.

"What for?" asked Conkey.

"You said you would."

"Did I?" said Conkey. "I got such a poor memory that I'm thinkin' of bein' treated for it, an' I say lots o' things to make people good-natured when I'm dealin' with 'em; but I didn't put it in writin', did I?"

There was great excitement among the members of the new combination when Gartley and Dawson reported. They were already out $20,000, and could only put the deal through by paying Conkey twice what his interests were worth. But there was no help for it. Conkey had made of the mill an enterprise that paid nothing, pushed Briggs, the jobber, into a corner, and cut into the business of the rival company in a way that was simply harrowing.

"It's either a desperate fight, in which he has a big lead, or buy him out at his own terms," said Dobson. "The mill never will make anything until he decides to let it; Briggs faces the alternative of doing business for almost no profit or encountering fierce competition in his line; and it will cost my company nearly half a million dollars to retaliate by going after his trade. Gentlemen, we'll have to buy. If we could get his interests at a fair valuation we could stock the new company for $1,000,000 and have all that we need for the present; but, as we've got to pay him $300,000 more than his stock is really worth we'd better follow his suggestion and add a half-million to the capitalization. Put up the option money, and we'll buy within the additional sixty days that he allows."

. . . . . .

The day that the purchase was completed was a memorable one in Ashport. Harshall, who had quietly sold his stock at Conkey's suggestion, was present to advise his client, and, in addition to the committee representing the new combination, nearly all of the local stockholders were on hand.

"We are prepared," said Dobson, who acted as spokesman, "to pay you the $600,000 that you demand, less the $30,000 already paid."

"Oh, that was a cash transaction for the option," replied Conkey. "You paid for the option and you got it. Now I want $600,000 for the stock."

The first of the committee to recover from his astonishment cried: "This is an outrage!"

"Oh, no," returned Conkey; "this is business, library business. It was my purpose to give the people of this town a nice twenty-thousand-dollar library, but, in view of my success, I'm goin' to make it a fifty-thousand-dollar affair."

"You give it," growled Gartley, "but we've paid for it a dozen times over."

"Mebbe so," said Conkey, "but that's Andy's way."

"Oh, he's got us," asserted Dobson despairingly.

"An' now, gentlemen," said Conkey, when the matter was settled, "I don't mind sayin' to you that great wealth is a sacred trust an' it's a darn fine thing to be trustee. But I'm goin' away—to Scotland, mebbe—where I can think over the sad way that you put water into the stock o' that new company."

The Democratic Nomination

The Rival Claims of Parker and Gorman

By Alfred Henry Lewis

SENATOR ARTHUR PUE GORMAN and Judge Alton B. Parker are the only names spoken of for the Democratic Presidential nomination. Now and then some one with a topsy-turvy liver, or who in a mental way suffers from what sailormen would call a list to port, mentions somebody else. But normal Democrats of good digestion, and with livers and wits that are sound, stick to Mr. Gorman and Mr. Parker.

Now I discovered this as I wound in and out among the herds here grazing on the uplands of politics, and gave ear to the lowings thereof. But I was not satisfied; and being by nature cautious, and one prone to apply the acid of investigation to every nugget of informational gold that comes into my possession, I resolved to consult Colonel Ike Hill.

Whenever, in the open boat of my intelligence, I find myself afloat on the tossing, unplumbed sea of Democratic inquiry, I seek Colonel Ike. Such deference is no more than the honest due of this Nestor. Gray, timeworn, erect as a cedar, Colonel Ike is a landmark not alone of his party's but of his country's history. He was a Democrat in Licking County, Ohio, when the Republicans hunted them with dogs (I but quote his own words). The issue whereon the opposition selected its candidates for Sheriff was:

Will you kill
Ike Hill?

Of late years he has been the Democratic caucus officer of the House, and folk aware of his worth look up to Colonel Ike and weigh his words as words Delphic and oracular.

For myself, I have never been misled by Colonel Ike but once. That came to pass with the rumors of a possible duel—years ago it was—between Mr. Barrie, of Mississippi, and Mr. Crain, of Texas. These publicists, their views having collected an artificial intensity during a couple of hours passed in the café of Brock's Hotel, fell to a difference. Having exhausted argument they resorted to epithets, and these went flying as thickly as ever flew twilight bats. The public at the time stepped in and immediate collision was averted.

The common thought, when men heard of the sad dispute, took shape that Mr. Barrie and Mr. Crain would blaze at one another at ten paces. For myself, I shared this belief. No man fights a duel to please himself; he fights to please the neighbors. And it stood clear that the Yallabusha Barrie and the friends of Mr. constituents of Rio Grande would never Mr. Crain tlemen if, with so forgive those gen- they failed to burn broad an invitation, name of honor. their powder in the notions of carnage

Filled with these sought the Metro- near at hand, I same being a politan Hotel, the Southmen most did hostelry where there a wise man congregate. It was nite news. would look for deli-

As I pushed into the café I found Colonel Ike standing at the counter, his head bowed upon his arms. He was in a slight doze, for Colonel Ike is like the elephants and can sleep standing when he will. Shaking him gently, I craved the last concerning those cockerels of the code.

"They're at Bladensburg now," cried Colonel Ike, with a vague flourish of his hand that was meant for emphasis, and again his head lapsed upon the sustaining arm.

Being thus surely directed I sprang into a carriage and plowed through rain and mud to Bladensburg, whose peaceful lights were twinkling a long six miles away. I discovered. Colonel Ike, for the one time in his life, was wrong. Mr. Barrie and Mr. Crain were, even as I plodded, locked in bloodless slumbers in Brock's Hotel aforesaid.

However, the debit of this one error had many credits to set over against it. It was Colonel Ike who told me that Senator Peffer could never be a statesman because his head was built like a quail trap. It was not, however, until Colonel Ike foretold to me the campaign upcome in 1896, and gave reasons therefor, that he conquered my whole confidence.

I asked Colonel Ike what were Mr. Bryan's chances of success. The prophet turned a doubtful eye upon me. Then he observed:

"This young man Bryan would win, I think, if it wasn't for one thing. There's just one thing I fear; one loose screw."

"And what is that?" I queried.

"I'm afraid the Republicans will buy us out; that's it, I'm afraid they'll buy us out."

With such memories to foster my confidence in Colonel Ike, I took to him the talk I had heard of Mr. Gorman or Mr. Parker as a next Democratic candidate for the post of President.

"It's absolutely straight," said Colonel Ike. "It will be Mr. Parker or Mr. Gorman. If it's Mr. Gorman Mr. Parker will go with him for second place; the ticket will then be 'Gorman and Parker.' This time, with Mr. Roosevelt up for the other fellows, they won't buy us out. The money will be with us."

Since money and Mr. Gorman hang together like bats in a steeple, and also since I regard Colonel Ike as knowing all about it, the above from Colonel Ike is regarded by me as settling the question. Wherefore, the matter may be looked on as *res adjudicata*.

It will be Mr. Gorman or Mr. Parker—in all chance Mr. Gorman, with Mr. Parker behind on the pillion for the station of Vice-President.

"The public," says Lord Chesterfield, "is seldom right, and then only for a wrong reason. It hates Bute for being Scotch, when that is the only thing he couldn't help."

That portion of the Democratic public which sticks for the nomination of Mr. Parker may be right from both a party and a general standpoint, but its reason for so doing is excessively to the left. No one would have heard of Mr. Parker in any sentence which employed the White House were it not that, in the contest of 1897, he was elected to the New York Court of Appeals. The common misunderstanding is that Mr. Parker "carried the State," and this error has fastened itself in the public intelligence like a burr in a pony's forelock. Withal, it will require something more than an ordinary currycombing to dislodge it.

Here stands the truth of that story. Mr. Parker was the Democratic nominee for the vacant headship of the Court of Appeals. There was a mayoralty election in the city of Greater New York. In the local field were four tickets, headed respectively by Messrs. Van Wyck, Low, Tracy and George. The Low ticket carried no name for that judgeship—neither the name of Mr. Parker nor that of his Republican opponent. Those who had charge of the fortunes of Mr. Low feared that the name of either would handicap that gentleman and militate against his chances of success.

Thus it befell that those one hundred and fifty thousand Republicans who voted for Mr. Low were every man jack lost to the Republican candidate for the vacancy in the Court of Appeals. Mr. Parker lost votes in the same fashion, but no more than ten per cent. of the number which was lost to his Republican competitor. Mr. Parker was on the Van Wyck ticket and his opponent on the Tracy ticket, and each polled his party strength—no more, no less. The result of those Low subtractions, however, ran in so strong a tide against the Republican candidate that he was swamped. Mr. Parker was elected. Mr. Parker "carried the State," but not as the phrase is generally understood. Had there been no mugwump ticket in the New York City field to sap the Republican, as above described, Mr. Parker would have been defeated—beaten as flat as a field of turnips.

It should be observed that Mr. Parker is one of those gentlemen without moral or mental or reputational blemish. He is the sort of man the world calls safe. He is a lawyer of good attainments; and since his life has been quiet to the point of being muffled, it is to be doubted if a score of Democrats beyond the borders of his State know aught about him.

For myself, I profess to no personal acquaintance with Mr. Parker. I know of him only as I've read of him—precisely as do most others of my fellowmen. Still, I do not regard him as any lava-spouting, earth-upheaving volcano of political consequence or force. Mr. Parker is fifty-two years of age. One may assume that, were he a Hecla, his smoke, if not his flames, would long ago have been visible on a world's horizon.

However, there is much to be said in favor of mediocrity as against genius when one comes to pick a tenant for one's White House, just as there is much to be said in favor of the dull and currentless canal as against the flash and dash of the mountain stream. The latter, beautiful and a picture, too, means nothing to stolid commerce, while the other swims the rich, sure cargoes on its bosom. After all, I should think Mr. Parker might do better as the head of a Dutch rather than an American republic. There is a phlegm, as it were, a pewter sincerity, not to say an integrity as of earthenware, about him to suggest this.

Mr. Parker is married. His one child, a daughter, is wedded to the Episcopal clergyman of Esopus. Should the whirling of the wheel send Mr. Parker to a Presidency, there will be no children over whom the calling snob may gush mushily.

There is much to flatter the prospects of Mr. Parker. The Democracy for long has been educated to the selection of a New York man. Save in the case of Mr. Bryan, the Democratic nominee has been taken from New York since ever the hopeless days of George B. McClellan.

There is, doubtless, a general superstition that the name of a New York man will aid in carrying the State, always a Presidential pivot. History does not support this theory. The State was lost by General McClellan in 1864. Then, in procession, it was carried by Mr. Seymour, lost by Mr. Greeley, carried by Mr. Tilden, lost by General Hancock, carried by Mr. Cleveland, lost by Mr. Cleveland, carried by Mr. Cleveland, which brings us down to those years of political blizzards when Mr. Bryan lost it twice. Until the Nebraskan's time the State swung like a pendulum between the parties. It is fair to assume that Mr. Parker would poll the whole party strength in the State, and nothing beyond; and as much might be said of Mr. Gorman.

Yes; the earnest Mr. Hill, of Wolfert's Roost, would be for the campaign of either Mr. Parker or Mr. Gorman, a quantity difficult to locate, since as a quantity he is ever sly and secret. However, he is also of an invincible futility, and therefore need not be counted. As a factor when a vote is to be cast, Mr. Hill, to quote the late Mr. Reed, is of "overpowering unimportance."

For the nomination, Mr. Parker, as against Mr. Gorman, will gain what help Mr. Bryan might render him. It is not that Mr. Bryan loves Mr. Parker more, but Mr. Gorman less. If the business were between his eager fingers for settlement Mr. Bryan would hang out the name of neither of these gentlemen. But the future, however darkly it may frown, holds no such misfortune. Mr. Bryan will not be permitted to select the candidate. And since "there are," as Colonel Ike Hill sagaciously put it in the conversation adverted to above, "but those two chickens on the roost"—that is to say, Mr. Gorman and Mr. Parker—Mr. Bryan must choose between them. He will take Mr. Parker; for, though he in no sort loves him, he does not hold for him that dislike which he feels toward Mr. Gorman.

In 1896, Mr. Gorman, by request of Mr. Bryan, met that candidate at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. They were to unbend in consultation and consider what Democracy should do to be saved.

This was of a day when Mr. Bryan was young in Presidentquesting. He thought it excellent as a campaign method to take Mrs. Bryan with him through the land. He misunderstood, perhaps, a public sentiment which was not yet ripe for Woman's Rights, as demanded by Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and others of that trenchant sisterhood.

When Mr. Gorman and Mr. Bryan got together Mrs. Bryan made a third for the conference. Mr. Gorman, following the bent of that Scriptural gentleman who declared for feminine silence, arched his brow distrustfully. It was touching, it was beautiful, it was even picturesque, thus to behold husband and wife go hunting a Presidency artlessly hand in hand. But Mr. Gorman did not understand a conjugal campaign; nor did he think the Paul and Virginia element would lend a campaign strength.

When Mrs. Bryan began to voice her opinions touching campaign details, and all in opposition to his own, Mr. Gorman spake as he believed. Then he withdrew from the situation. And because of these superior sins on Gorman's part, Mrs. Bryan has never forgiven Mr. Gorman. Since there is no difference between the Garden of Eden and the State of Nebraska, save a difference of date, it will astound no one to be told that, as Eve held power over Adam, so does Mrs. Bryan sway her spouse.

III

ONCE upon a time the late Mr. Reed, in retort to one who quoted the utterances of certain "statesmen" dead and gone, was moved to say from his seat in the House: "The gentleman cites against me the words of those whom he is pleased to describe as statesmen. Before I proceed with this reply I would ask, What is a statesman? Mr. Speaker, I will tell the gentleman what a statesman is. A statesman is a dead politician."

There was much that I admired and much that I loved in the great Speaker. He was an American; and he was a man. I do not, however, go with him in his definition. He would infer no difference between a politician and a statesman not made by six feet of earth and the grasses waving overhead.

Now, my own notion would run another way. Being a naturalist who has made a study of the mammal called man, I should say, as the fruit of such research, that a statesman is one who helps the public, while a politician is one who helps himself.

If this separation be right then Mr. Gorman is decisively a politician. There is no rule, no policy of broad importance to the public, that discloses to a closest scrutiny the least one of his hammer-marks. Not that in this he is unique. The same might be spoken of twenty more who think themselves great men. Self, self, self; that has been ever the key in which the whole opera of their lives was sung.

It is, too, a discouraging thing that your politicians are hard to kill—those weasels that suck the yolk from the egg of every opportunity! Take Mr. Platt for sample: observe how he saves himself from out the hands of his enemies!

There was a man once who took a superfluous cat, carried it a mile, tied a stone to its neck and cast it with a comfortable, reassuring splash into the deepest lock of the canal. Then the man walked home, while about his heart curled the sense of duty well performed.

When he came to his house, there sat the cat on his doorstep, drying its fur. The man said later that if he had had the naming of it over again he would have called that feline after the senior Senator from New York, if only to celebrate the limpetlike tenacity wherewith it clung to life.

No, indeed, a politician is as hard to destroy as a lie. On the pathetic other hand, a statesman, having no such genius for the selfish, is much more readily beaten down. Mr. Gorman has all of that inveterate bent to live and breathe politically so eminent in the instance of Mr. Platt. It is this, as much as any other matter, that inclines me to believe in Mr. Gorman as Democracy's coming nominee.

As page, and later as postmaster, Mr. Gorman held office under the Senate, and drew his livelihood on its rolls, until he reached twenty-seven. To be a servant of the Senate—to be its Mercury, and dodge about upon its errands—is not the best training for a growing, character-forming boy. At the age of twenty-seven President Grant gave Mr. Gorman an appointment in connection with the Government canals.

Being, in the eye of Maryland, a vulgarian, Mr. Gorman was much looked down upon by the Carrolls, the Pinkney-Whytes and others of the old Baltimore nobility. But he worked with electricity and steam, while they stuck to their old-time methods of saddle-bag politics; and so Mr. Gorman overcrept them and possessed himself of the whole of Maryland. Then he came to the Senate.

The Senate makes a specialty of cold asperity. Peculiarly, the Senate likes to freeze the newcomer, and teach him his insignificance, and make him wish he were dead. If one were cast away on some desolate island the local savage, though he were the most exclusive, would come down to the shore and welcome the watery wanderer with either a square meal or a club. Not so the gray savages of the Senate. The newcomer to its rockbound coasts might perish where he landed; not one of the oldsters would grant him any generous least of notice. He might starve, or freeze, or bleed to death for all of them—such is their unbendable dignity.

But Mr. Gorman had the advantages, boy and man, of sixteen years in the Senate before he took his seat as Senator. He knew the customs; he knew that body's points of strength and weakness. Aside from such aids, Mr. Gorman himself is of a plausible, agreeable sort. Men like him and are fascinated by him.

Certain folk, even certain animals, have powers of fascination. Take a Government pack-train of one hundred mules. There are three hundred pounds in the panniers of each—no feather of a burden wherewith to skip about the Rocky Mountains! In the lead of the train one will find an ancient, gray, flea-bitten mare. She goes freighted of nothing more weighty than her moral character and a little bell tied about her neck. If she loathes anything it is the mules that make up the pack-train whereof she lives the uncrowned queen. And yet that gray, flea-bitten rack-o'-bones fairly fascinates the mules. The most vicious "shavetail" or the tamest "bellsharp" will follow her while he has eyes; not one but would plunge over a precipice should she have gone before.

One should not deduce from this that I say of Mr. Gorman that he is one whom the other Senators follow through thick and thin. And yet, he holds a singular influence among them. In all his Senate years he has committed himself to nothing, taken no strong positions. There is not a scrap of Senate evidence—and read his speeches—that irrevocably binds him to protection, a tariff for revenue only or free trade; not a splinter of proof that he is for gold or for silver or for greenbacks. He takes the lead on every question and makes himself the champion of none. He never fights; but that he possesses powers for crafty intrigue and soft, persistent effort will not be denied. Nine of every ten Washington forces that belong with the machinery of his party are now for Mr. Gorman. It looks as though that nomination, so long panted and so long planned for, and yet so long withheld, would now at last be his.

IV

IT LIES apparent to all that Mr. Gorman intends to seize upon the nomination. He would deny this; just as Mr. Hanna denies that he hungers for the Republican nomination.

Though the program of Mr. Gorman seems one certain of a triumph, the philosopher should not forget that mighty list of aphorisms which includes the one concerning mice and men, as well as that other which tells of cup and lip and the slips to dwell between. Mr. Gorman's plans may fall to pieces, his programs be wiped away, as was their fate aforetime.

One will never know when one is safe, and only the past is secure. Here is that gentleman of cartoons, Mr. Davenport. He has a farm, and much live-stock pervades the same. The expenses of the establishment bore heavily upon the bank balance of Mr. Davenport. Particularly were the bills for hay and horse-feed onerous.

"That's it," quoth Mr. Davenport, addressing the wife of his bosom; "it's the hay bill that's dragging me down. It's those grinders munching hay; they work while you sleep. I must reduce the roster of our stable."

While traveling abroad last summer Mr. Davenport made the acquaintance of the Sultan of Morocco. The cartoonist and the tyrant were introduced to one another by the American Minister. It was a case of mutual admiration; they fell together like a shock of oats. Mr. Davenport, now that he would abate his hay and feed bills, resolved to send as a present to his friend, the Sultan, his famous pacing horse, Edward W. The pacer owned appetite as well as speed and ate hay enough for an eight-mule team.

"Getting rid of Edward W.," remarked Mr. Davenport, "will, of itself, be stopping quite a leak. Certainly it should take a cipher off that hay bill, whereof the total now reads like the ransom of a prince."

And so, in the name of economy and to save hay, Mr. Davenport dispatched the voracious pacing horse to the Sultan. Two months later Mr. Davenport was notified that his friend, the Sultan, as a mark of his esteem and those heights to which the unexpected generosity of Mr. Davenport had aggravated it, was sending Mr. Davenport two horses and four camels. And those camels have each nine stomachs, more or less, while Edward W. had but one. Also, a camel never drinks, and does nothing but devour hay throughout the livelong years. Such were the plans of Mr. Davenport; such has been their dénouement. The unexpected made its swoop, and he is tenfold worse off than before. The unlooked-for may yet grind the hopes of Mr. Gorman beneath its heel.

What is to be Mr. Gorman's course during the session, on questions of public concern, must be left for its unfoldment to each sun as it comes up. He will think on a Presidency; and he will not think on the public—being, as I've shown, a politician rather than a statesman. And he will fight for or against either a canal, a General Wood, a post-office malefactor, a currency bill, a tariff measure or an appropriation, just as his hopes and fears for that Presidency possess him at the time. The name of Mr. Gorman's north star is Mr. Gorman. He will steer by nothing less.

If I were driven to make a pen-picture of Mr. Gorman, and do it with a handful of words, I should write that Mr. Gorman, at sightless midnight and by the left hand, is great. He does prodigies of politics and legislation of the fog and silk-net sort. How does he work these marvels? By a craft like unto that of Mephistopheles; by a talent for diagonalism—a genius of the indirect; by a faultless capacity for making one believe that one's own best interest lies the Gorman way. He is both weak and wonderful at once.

A BAD INVESTMENT

A NEW YEAR'S STORY

By George Hibbard

HE TORE OPEN THE NOTE AS HE RANG THE BELL

RICHARD HANBURY was disposed to be irascible. He looked up sharply as the other man spoke.

"Really this was unnecessary," the other said. "I regret I was not here. The young man——" he referred to a piece of paper, "Arthur Gibson could have no claim."

"The Title Search Guaranty Company——" Hanbury interposed.

"I have looked it over. This Gibson could make no trouble."

"He couldn't," Hanbury continued. "Why, I talked to Plymton about it. He said that if I sent Gibson my check for a thousand dollars that the sight of it would make him sign the release at once."

"Plymton doesn't know the title as I do. If you had waited for me——"

"I wish I had, Mr. Otway," continued Hanbury angrily. "I don't know why I retain you for general legal counsel if it isn't for a case of this kind. I am not usually so precipitate."

Otway was silent but his manner betokened ready assent. He glanced about the dark old office as if seeking an explanation of anything so unwonted.

"Very annoying—very," Hanbury went on, "to pay a thousand dollars for clearing a title when there was no earthly use of it."

"Precisely," Otway answered sympathetically and even deferentially.

At an earlier time Otway would have been called the leader of the Chisego bar. He was the head of the oldest legal firm—Otway, Nash & Shelton—counsel for every big concern in town. But Hanbury, though his junior, and one who was sometimes still called a young man, was Richard Hanbury, the inheritor of the Hanbury fortune—large in itself—which, as every one knew, he was every year making larger.

"Exasperating I call it," Hanbury concluded.

The day for Hanbury had been one of those when apparently everything goes wrong. He assured himself of this when he found himself alone. The discovery of his bad investment was the culminating incident of a series of small annoyances. His oldest servant, who had been with his grandfather, had told him that he must leave. Hanbury, with his settled habits, hated the thought of a change. He had learned that the rent of the office in which he had been so long would be raised. With his fortune the added dollars meant no more than an extra car fare, but then Hanbury, with his traditions and training, counted extra car fares. The thought was not unpleasant that if he walked twenty times instead of taking the trolley he should find himself possessed of a sum to give him one whole car fare a year for the rest of his life. He was not influenced to walk, but he thought of it. Therefore the fact that a thousand dollars had been expended uselessly was more distressing to him than it would have been to many others. Though here again, with his fortune, the loss was as imperceptible as any loss caused by the increased office rent.

Hanbury glanced about quickly as the door opened and a man entered. The newcomer was irritatingly stout, ruddy and jolly. He came in so quickly that a few of the snowflakes of the passing flurry rested on his shoulder. He shook them off good-naturedly and looked pleasantly at Hanbury.

"Well, Dick," he said, "I haven't seen you for some time."

"No," replied Hanbury in a manner which indicated no great grief at the deprivation.

"More's the pity. However, I thought of you to-day. At this time of the year——"

Hanbury stiffened perceptibly.

"I know that you don't go in for general benevolence. I thought, though, that you might help us out this time."

Hanbury frowned portentously.

"You are rich yourself—James," he said laboriously.

"I'm well enough off," the other answered lightly. "I've more calls on me than you. A married man. Children. A big establishment. You've only yourself and that empty old house of yours."

If anything, Hanbury felt rather pleased as he reflected on his freedom from responsibilities.

"I can't do all I'd like and I thought I'd come to you. Christmas is past but there's New Year's. We want to have a dinner for the newsboys. Turkeys, you know," said the other. "Popguns for the boys. Dolls for the girls. They're to bring their sisters. All that sort of thing."

Hanbury remembered a small newsboy who, throwing a snowball at a companion, had hit him. Recalling the indignity he felt anything but well disposed toward the kind.

"You must not imagine, Arkwright," he answered sourly, "that you are the only one who finds himself short of funds. There are others who have to meet unexpected emergencies."

"Now, I'd like to know," laughed Arkwright heartily, "what could be the matter with you?"

"Things don't turn out as are expected," Hanbury argued. "There are bad investments——"

"Any investment you'd make wouldn't be bad enough to inconvenience you for a moment," Arkwright declared, pounding Hanbury vigorously on the shoulder.

"Still I assure you," Hanbury said gruffly as he drew back, "under the circumstances I can't do anything."

Arkwright was silent for a moment. With a more serious expression on his round face he looked at Hanbury curiously.

"Dick," he asked suddenly, "do you ever see Florence Richardson?"

Hanbury drew further away. He looked down at the table and shifted some papers lying there.

"Why do you ask?" he said at length slowly and in a lower tone.

"I was thinking of the past," Arkwright answered thoughtfully. "Of the times when we were youngsters and different. But you were always the same Richard." Arkwright did not say what the same was and Hanbury did not appear to consider that any necessity existed for inquiring. "We were rivals then," Arkwright laughed—a laugh that Hanbury echoed faintly. "But Florence always liked you best."

There was silence in the dark little office.

"Even from the time when we used to go to dancing-school," Arkwright continued in slow remembrance.

"That's a long way back," observed Hanbury with something of a visible effort.

"Later," continued Arkwright, nodding in assent, "at one time I thought that she and you were going to make a go of it."

Hanbury did not speak.

"Aren't you ever lonely," Arkwright demanded, "in that big house, all by yourself, never seeing any one?"

"I'm very busy," Hanbury urged lamely. "The constant cares of business——"

"Well—well," Arkwright concluded, as he walked to the door, "one man's poison certainly may be another's meat. My constitution, though, couldn't stand such doses of solitude and seriousness as you take. Why, you aren't so old yet, and at your age—— But," he broke off abruptly, "I'm sorry that you don't see your way to helping with the turkeys and the popguns."

. . . . . .

Florence Richardson! Hanbury had not thought of her for years as he thought of her after the door shut and he found himself alone. He frowned as he remembered that even he once imagined that possibly they might be "going to make a go of it." He smiled with scorn as he reflected how he had tried in all the conventional ways—the silly conventional ways, he declared to himself—to make "a go of it." They had certainly been friends, and before he inherited his grandfather's fortune he had seen her often. Then he became more and more absorbed in the management of the extended affairs and she had changed. He remembered that he found her looking at him curiously—with something of a pained expression, too. She had appeared to recede from him, or, as he thought now, when time with its marvelous perspective gave him another point of view—had he not been withdrawn from her by his business interests, his business operations? Anyway, when he asked her to marry him, and she refused, the refusal had not come as a shock—hardly as a surprise, though he knew she liked him. That very evening he wrote several business letters with his usual clearness and precision, and the next morning he concluded a particularly advantageous business deal. Florence Richardson! He could not help wondering what would have happened if her answer had been different. Was he ever lonely? He was too busy to know.

No, the day was not going well. Each new incident, each newcomer seemed fated to add to his vexation of spirit.

Hanbury's frown grew deeper. There was no reason why Arkwright's visit should trouble him, yet he felt it was one of the annoying experiences of the day. Occupation was what he needed—the business which he had always found all-sufficient. He gathered up the papers before him. On the top of the loose sheets lay a typewritten letter. He glanced at the words as they ran:

Arthur Gibson, Esq.:

Dear Sir: In order to close up the matter of the title to the parcel of land situated——

He read no further. With a stare of amazement he looked up. Then he quickly touched the knob of an electric bell. A clerk instantly appeared.

"Westby," he said sharply, holding out the paper. "What is this? I thought this letter was sent."

"Yes, sir," the man replied, looking apprehensively at the document. "Yes, sir; I thought it was. There must be some mistake."

"How could this happen?" snapped Hanbury. "And the check. Where is that?"

The clerk sought diligently through the mass of documents upon the table.

"It must have gone, sir," he replied in despair. "And without the letter. I'm sorry——"

"The check gone!" cried Hanbury, too horrified to give way to anger. "With no letter explaining it. It's—it's outrageous."

"I don't understand, sir," Westby continued apologetically.

"I should think not. I don't. No one could. Such carelessness is inexcusable. I——"

As Hanbury spoke another clerk appeared in the door.

"A gentleman, sir, Mr. Arthur Gibson, who would like to speak to you."

"Ah," cried Hanbury in a tone of relief. "The man himself. Let him come in. We'll talk of this, Westby, another time. Such a thing must not occur again."

A young man was hurrying past the clerk, entering the room impetuously, almost explosively.

"Mr. Hanbury!" he exclaimed as he brought up suddenly and gazed at the scowling man standing by the table.

"Well, sir!" ejaculated the other.

"You will understand that I do not know how to begin," Gibson continued with uncertainty.

"You got that check without any explanation?" demanded Hanbury.

"Yes, sir; but, of course, I understand——"

"Any one would," snarled Hanbury.

"No," said the other fervently. "One might not. One might question one's own senses. It is so unusual."

"I hope so," complained Hanbury.

"Oh, no, you don't," said the young man vehemently, to Hanbury's profound astonishment. "That is your way of making light of it. By scoffing at it you want to make less of your generosity——"

"Generosity!" Hanbury cried, falling back a step.

"Yes," Gibson continued eagerly as he advanced and seized Hanbury by the hand. "Generosity, noble generosity, the finest, most disinterested generosity that ever was in the world. No one ever heard of anything like it," he hurried on so that Hanbury was unable to stop him. "You can imagine how surprised I was. You can't know how overjoyed because you don't know the circumstances. At first I thought of not accepting, but I decided there would be a false pride in that—realizing the spirit in which you must have given it. I took it and spent it at once as I knew that you would wish me to do. But though I haven't a cent in the world—if you wanted the money back now I could not give it to you—I'm in a very different position because of it. With it I've bought the interest in a patent that will be worth millions. I'm going to push it. You'll see!"

"Let me understand all this," said Hanbury, dropping into a chair rather than sitting down on it. "You believe that I had made you a gift. Why did you think that?"

"Because," said the young man, "because of what I did. Not that it was anything, pulling the kid out of the water, but I suppose you saw what was in the newspapers and all the tomfoolery. The Chronicle had another article about it," and Gibson displayed before Hanbury a newspaper sheet on which he could read in large headlines:

HEROIC RESCUE

PLUNGING FROM A HIGH BRIDGE INTO THE ICY STREAM THE BRAVE YOUNG MAN, AT THE PERIL OF HIS LIFE, RESCUES A SINKING NEWSBOY.

Underneath was an unmistakable likeness of Gibson himself. Hanbury stared at the words and the picture in speechless consternation.

"And your sending the check that way," Gibson ran on enthusiastically, "without any patronizing letter, made the gift easier to accept. I had the chance and there was no way to get the money. Then this dropped from the skies. I tell you there never was anything like it."

Hanbury remained silent in constrained amazement.

"I can't thank you, of course," the other went on. "I sha'n't attempt to do it. But you've given me new life in giving me new hope. I can say everything to you. I shall say everything, tell you everything. I was in love and, as I was placed, I didn't dare tell her—tell Molly—tell Miss Summers. But now I can. I'm going at once to do it. I don't know if she has ever thought of me. Sometimes I have fancied that I might have a chance." The young man continued wildly. "But now I can try with the rest of them. And if she should say 'yes,' it will be *you*, Mr. Hanbury, who made this possible."

Gibson, in his excitement, could not stand still but walked backward and forward as Hanbury watched him in fascinated horror.

"You say you have spent the money already?" asked Hanbury. "That it is beyond recovery?"

"Every cent of it," Gibson answered blithely. "Put it at once into the patent. But I can pay you back, Mr. Hanbury, in time, over and over again."

Hanbury almost groaned. Certainly the exclamation that escaped him, though it expressed much of bitterness and scorn, also contained a note of despair.

"I've told everybody," Gibson went on. "I could not keep quiet about it."

Hanbury's brows still further contracted. If possible, a severer frown settled on his face.

"It's most—annoying," he said angrily at length.

"I felt that you might want to keep it secret. But I wished people to know. I told before you could have a chance to stop me. Mr. Hanbury, I can't say anything of what it means to me."

"Don't try," Hanbury gasped. "I should like to think this over. I will see you at some other time."

"I have been keeping you," said Gibson remorsefully. "Of course, this is only a little matter to you, with all your business and all your other benefactions, but it is all the world to me. You will let me see you again. I am going to find Molly—Miss Summers. She may be at home now. If not, she will be at the Elwells to-night. She promised me a dance." Gibson was running over with irrepressible gayety. "I'm going, Mr. Hanbury. I'm going——"

"Yes—yes," said Hanbury weakly. "Go."

"I'm off," Gibson concluded as he sprang forward, seized Hanbury's hand, wrung it painfully, and made for the door. "I sha'n't attempt to say anything more. I must see Molly—Miss Summers—at once. But, Mr. Hanbury, if there ever was any one happy on earth it's I and it's your doing——"

"Go," commanded Hanbury furiously.

With hesitation and yet alacrity Gibson disappeared. Hanbury sank back in the chair in startled helplessness. He could hardly realize what had happened. Such a thing was incredible, and yet the undeniable fact had been forced upon his knowledge. The way that all had happened was simple and clear enough, but the result was startling in its incongruity. The idea that he, Richard Hanbury, should have gone out of his way to give a total stranger a thousand dollars was preposterous. What the young man had done was undoubtedly meritorious enough, but the act in no way concerned him. Perhaps people behaved in this benevolent, ridiculous way. However, such a case had never come to his notice and he never expected to be regarded as one guilty of such folly, as he unhesitatingly described it. He knew what he should say if any of his business associates, if any of the other directors of the M. and M. Bank, were responsible for such conduct. He was aware how he should condemn any other of the officers of the Central Electric who had been so weak-minded. Could he hope that others would think differently of him? And the young man confessed that he had told. Hanbury felt a sudden consternation as he realized the position. He could not declare that there had been a mistake. The joke would have been too good, the delight of the business world of Chisego too great. Either he must be held answerable for gross business carelessness in allowing such a blunder to occur, or he must be put down as one who had upon very insufficient reasons parted with his money. Certainly he had made a bad investment.

As he reached this disquieting result he rose. The hour was late. Already, on the short afternoon of early winter the darkness was falling. In the big office building across the way windows began to glow. As he looked outward the electric lights sprang into brilliancy like a cordon of diamonds suddenly strung along the street. Nothing could be done about the Gibson matter. A bad investment was something to be written off on the wrong side of the book and be forgotten the soonest possible. The only way to do this was to resume the usual routine of his day. He would walk to the club, meet Harris and Belding and Anderson and talk of the state of the market. Then he would seek his own house, dine in lonely state and carefully read the Chronicle to the last advertisement. After that he would go back to the club, where he would find Anderson and Belding and Harris. Then after a time they would all walk up together, discussing the state of the market, and he would go to bed.

He passed out into the street, the vexation which he felt at what he had just discovered still unabated. The day was clear and a red sunset was gleaming gloriously where the

"AND YOUR SENDING THE CHECK THAT WAY MADE THE GIFT EASIER TO ACCEPT"

lower buildings gave glimpses of the western sky. The animation of the holidays was about him. Christmas was gone, but the shops still held the holiday display. The streets were more picturesque than at any other time of the year. Gay streamers fluttered on all sides. Brilliant signs were everywhere—wreaths of evergreens festooned all possible and impossible places.

No one could doubt it. He felt it—felt the fact resentfully. There was gayety even in the air. He noticed a cheerfulness and alertness in the crowds that passed. Every man and woman and child seemed to have some place to which he or she must go, and, what is more, all were in a hurry and glad they were going there. As they jostled each other they smiled in a friendly fashion. Indeed, there was a carnival freedom in the way many spoke to each other. There was a carnival tumult in the noise. Every hurdy-gurdy and street band in the place was out. Hanbury caught frequently, as he passed, the discordant bray of tin horns. Resenting all, he noticed all. He wondered at the fact and sought the significance. Suddenly passing a big candy shop with wide windows rich with piled-up lusciousness, glorious with fantastic forms and glowing colors, he noticed a broad, gay sign, "MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR." A happy new year! This was New Year's Eve. He had forgotten it.

With a jolt—in the crowd—he came suddenly against a man. The vigor of Hanbury's exclamation clearly expressed Hanbury's displeasure. The other man did not appear to regard it.

"Hello!" he said cordially. "Training for centre rush?"

Hanbury grunted.

"Glad to see you—delighted!" cried the other as he took Hanbury's hand and shook it violently. "Haven't seen you for an age. Where do you keep yourself?"

The man was one whom Hanbury had known since boyhood, but whom he rarely met. When they did meet the greetings had grown to be of the most perfunctory nature. This unusual warmth astonished him and disconcerted him.

"A happy new year, old boy," cried the other, pounding him on the back in his exuberance. "And, by the way, I can give you a tip—do you a good turn in a small way, I think. I know you like prints. I can tell you where you can get a genuine Paul Revere at a bargain. One of the less-known—The Allegory of the Year 1765."

Hanbury looked interested. In an unimpassioned way he collected engravings. Indeed, the pursuit—to which he did not give much time or thought—was his only weakness. The prospect of having the picture, and cheaply, pleased him. The act on Bradley's part was very friendly—incomprehensible, but distinctly friendly.

"I'd have spoken to you about it before only you've been so infernally grouchy," the other said. "But I must have done you a wrong. I'll write you the address. Happy new year! You've surprised me. Come and see me." He again wrung Hanbury's hand jovially. "Glad I've found you out at last. Never going to let you take me in again. Happy new year, and many of them."

Surprising—very surprising. Hanbury was puzzled as Bradley hastened on. The warmth of the greeting astonished him. The words he had heard perplexed him. Still, the evident pleasure of the other at seeing him was not without its effect. The prospect of the possession of the picture was distinctly satisfactory. This would be an important addition to his gathering. He thought of it with contentment. He continued on his way, on the whole, and in spite of himself, in a better humor.

To be sure, the prospect of the possession of a copper-plate engraving, however rare, might seem a meagre and frigid ground for content. Still, in Hanbury's life, with its lack of incident and color, such a circumstance was not without value. He plodded on, thinking of the place his new acquisition would fill—with occasional recurrences of surprise that Bradley should have put himself out to do him a favor. In his better frame of mind he found himself looking about more actively. Therefore he saw a man who drew near to him, and noticed at once the smile of welcome on his face. As this one came up he hastened his step and soon paused before him.

"Ah, Hanbury," he cried, "I congratulate you."

"For—for what?" Hanbury gasped in bewilderment.

"Why, haven't you heard? The board of governors of the club this afternoon, at their meeting, have elected you president."

Hanbury was silent with amazement. He had long thought that he was a fitting person for the position, but the possibility of it had never entered his mind. He knew that he was not popular. He was conscious that every one would oppose his choice. What could have brought such a thing about? What could have produced such a change?

"With our peculiar constitution they could do it. Usually the president of a club is elected from the governors, but our governors can choose any member, and they have chosen you. I—I'm glad of it."

"Thank you, Thompson," said Hanbury simply.

"I may have misunderstood you, as others may have done. You've given us all a surprise. There should be some reparation, some acknowledgment of such a mistake. I'm glad it's taken this form. You deserve it." And Thompson seized his hand less powerfully but no less warmly than Bradley had done. "A happy new year. You ought to have it. The world will do its best to give it to you."

And Thompson passed on beaming back at him. Very wonderful, exceedingly surprising, almost approaching the incredible. So Hanbury thought as he walked on—advancing with quicker steps as he grew more absorbed in the matter in hand—advancing as if he had a more definite object. That Bradley and Thompson, with whom he rarely spoke, should have stopped him was curious enough. That they should both have declared that they had been mistaken about him was remarkable. That each should have been the bearer of good news was a coincidence too singular to be disregarded. Hanbury felt interested. Moreover, he felt gratified—more satisfied with himself and the world. The hurrying crowd did not seem so objectionable. The gleaming shop windows did not appear so meaningless. He found himself bowing with uncommon cordiality to an acquaintance who passed. Much to his surprise, the man, who was walking beside a lady, waved his hand to him. In an awkward fashion Hanbury waved back. He was astonished at himself, but he was in better spirits and the gesture came naturally. He saw the man speak a few words to the lady and he saw her turn and nod cheerily to him over her shoulder. Surely he knew her. He could not remember who she was. He wished that he could.

Hanbury felt himself bewildered. Unprecedented things were happening. Besides, he found unexpected impulses within him. Lost in reflection, he passed the club. His own house was before him. Mechanically he advanced up the long walk to the great forbidding *porte-cochère*. He passed into its dark depths. With his latch key he unfastened the massive front door. The house struck him as dark and desolate. He had not thought of it before. He put it down to the short, dark afternoon. With the light—the gas, which was already lighted and turned down—he espied a letter on the hall table. On the outside was his name. He carried it with him to the small room off the library where he usually sat, and drew up a chair to the grate. The fire had fallen and gone out. The room was rawly cold. Hanbury shivered. He tore open the note as he rang the bell:

> *My dear Dick:* I have not called you that for years, and indeed have not called you anything. Therefore you may be astonished to hear from me at all. But at this time of the year and with the surprise you gave me this morning I am writing to you.

Hanbury lowered the sheet and looked about. Surprise again. Bentley and Thompson had spoken of surprise. He did not understand. He went on reading:

> Come and dine with us to-night. I know it is an informal way to ask an important person like yourself and to a large dinner. But with the revelation I have had as to your real self I feel that you will not mind. We'll make a place for you, and indeed I have asked a certain lady, who wishes to see you, for the express purpose of putting you next to her. Eight o'clock sharp. We shall expect you. A happy new year and many of them. Cordially yours, JIM

The writer could be nobody else than James—"Jim" Elwell. Curious that he should have asked him to dine! More curious still that he wrote in such a hearty impulsive fashion. Not that it was not Jim Elwell's nature to do impulsive things. But then to write to him in that way when for years they had met only in the most formal fashion. And, most curious and remarkable of all, Hanbury did not feel within himself the instant determination to refuse that he should have expected. The cheerful greetings in the street had made a difference. He was conscious of a distinct inclination to go. In fact, he was aware from the first what he was going to do. He affected to doubt, but a few moments found him at his desk quickly writing an acceptance. The servant who appeared when he rang received the note and the announcement that he was dining out in evident amazement. Such sudden action on his part was unprecedented. Always he had only gone to formal political or civic banquets, the date of each one of which was known long in advance.

As Hanbury entered the Elwells' big hall at exactly five minutes to eight he was conscious of a welcoming warmth. He saw the fire flaming in the large fireplace. He noted the comfortable appearance of the Christmas decorations. From beyond came the cheerful sound of voices breaking every now and then into soft laughter. He hardly had time to take half a dozen steps when Jim Elwell was upon him, shaking him by both hands at once.

"Now this is capital," his host cried excitedly. "So good of you to come on such short notice. We're delighted to see you. And there is one fair lady in particular——"

Before he knew it Hanbury was led into a drawing-room full of people. He knew that they all looked at him curiously, which he felt was strange, as they were all people he knew, people who had seen him more or less every day for years. But he was conscious of a new quality in the regard—a keener interest that was peculiar. To have people pay more attention to him at all was unusual, but to have them look at him in this way was unprecedented and pleasant. Each one came forward and each shook hands with a great show of welcome. He expanded under it. He did not know himself that he possessed such power of response. He found himself laughing and joking—actually joking—with the rest. Surprise of surprises, he was making speeches at which others laughed.

"There is some one else," said his host, leading him elsewhere.

And now he found himself conducted to a chair in the room where a lady sat. Her face was turned from him. At first he did not recognize her. As she looked up he knew who she was. He had thought of her in the morning, but he had no more expected to meet her that day than any other of the many days of the years he had not seen her. As she saw him she stood up and she, too, held out her hand—with a frankly shy look, with almost a blush on her cheeks. Agitated as he was he saw it and became more disturbed.

"I hoped that you would come," she said.

"I never thought of refusing," he answered. "I don't understand it."

"Why shouldn't you?" she demanded. "Why have you kept yourself away from every one? Why have you not let me see you? I have wondered, but I am not surprised, now that I have found out at last how I have been mistaken."

"I'M NOT EQUAL TO ONE OF THESE TWO-STEPS," HE SAID

She, too; she with the others. She thought she had made a mistake. Hanbury wondered vaguely what it all meant. What was the error into which all of them believed that they had fallen. He was too nervous, too hurried to think of asking.

Come, she said as Elwell started for the door which the servants held open, conveying the oldest woman present, while Mrs. Elwell slipped her hand under the arm of the man of the greatest importance next to Hanbury and stood waiting for the procession to precede her.

As they all crossed the hall Hanbury and Mrs. Elwell lagged. As he sank into his place he gazed about at the complicated simplicity and magnificence of the modern dinner table.

"I don't understand," he gasped.

"What don't you understand?" she said quickly.

"Why I'm here. Why every one has been so different. Why—why everybody seems glad to see me."

"Is it different?" she asked, looking at him with a curious intentness. How young she seemed and how pretty! He wondered how much she found him changed—greatly, he feared.

"Very," he answered emphatically.

"Perhaps it's not every one who is different, but you—or they think you are."

He gazed at her questioningly.

"I feel that I have wronged you. Perhaps others have felt the same. When any one can be as impulsively generous as you have been—oh! everybody knows now."

"What?" he demanded impatiently.

"Haven't you seen? I cut it out of the evening newspaper. I was so glad I put it in my glove." From the rolled-up bundle of her gloves she drew a crumpled piece of paper and spread it out on the cloth before Hanbury. He glanced at it and started. There in large headlines almost as large headlines as the story of the rescue, was the announcement that Hanbury had given a thousand dollars to the rescuer of the child. The facts were given dramatically, the deed thrillingly recounted again, Hanbury's ready response enthusiastically praised. The writer had done his work well, the very reading of it brought a kindly feeling and a sense of the nobility of sympathy and generosity.

As he perused the lines she gazed at him gratefully. When he raised his eyes she rewarded him with a thankful glance.

"I am glad," she said earnestly. "Glad for many reasons. I can tell you that I am glad because you have made very happy a girl I know. She was in love with the young man and, though she knew he loved her, she was afraid that he would not ask her to marry him. She knew his poverty. But you gave him this lift and this afternoon he saw her. Now they are engaged. You have made those people very happy. There, you can see. There is Molly Summers."

She pointed to a young girl across the table. Hanbury peered at her—saw the joy lighting the young face, heard the happiness sounding in her soft voice.

And if people are different, it is because they think you different. If I said I was mistaken I did it because this has taught me something. I know that you have really a kind heart, that you can do an impulsive, generous thing."

Hanbury stammered and blushed. He wished to explain. He felt it was his duty, but she gave him no chance.

"That is why I wanted to see you to-night. And it has been so long."

"It has," he exclaimed with conviction.

Hanbury was distinctly aroused. What had happened, what was happening, was very pleasant. If he had thought about it he could not have imagined that the world could be so pleasant. Had he, also, made a mistake? There might be time to rectify it.

"Perhaps you are not the only one who has been wrong—if you *have* been wrong," he murmured.

Later, as he rose and drew back her chair, Hanbury felt as he never had before. Was he in very truth in most transmuted and in heart transformed? He did not know himself. What is more, he felt that he did not wish to know himself. He was willing anxious, eager to forget the old stern self. He wanted to be done with that forever. If possible he would be done with it. What an evening this had been, and it was not yet finished. It was really only beginning. Hanbury vowed that much else was only beginning, too.

When the men left the dining room he sauntered out through the conservatory. At one of the doors he paused to watch the scene. The big room was cleared. Music sounded gayly. The young dancing people were beginning to come. The light, the movement were delightful. The pretty faces and dresses attracted him. The whole merry spectacle warmed his heart. He heard the trip of small feet.

"Oh, Mr. Hanbury!" said a girlish voice.

The young girl to whom his attention had been directed at dinner stood beside him. Hanbury saw this as she paused in confusion.

"Yes," he answered, hardly less confused himself.

"I *had* to speak to you," she hurried on. "I had to thank you for Arthur—for myself. You have made us—me blissfully glad. It was generous—noble."

He stood in greater confusion than the girl before him.

"Oh!" she cried. "You don't know what a difference it makes. *Dear* Mr. Hanbury," a quick mischievous smile lit up her merry face. "Do you know where you are standing? Under the mistletoe. I am sure Arthur will not mind."

In a moment she was gone. Hanbury drew himself up proudly. Then he threw back his shoulders arrogantly. He jerked up his collar. He drew down his cuffs. He actually preened himself. A touch as light and soft as the brush of a blown rose leaf had fallen on his cheek. It had been for a moment—and, as she said, Arthur would not mind. And she was happy. He was glad—glad. He did not remember what had given him more satisfaction than the thought of the happiness of these young people. And he had made it—through his mistake. Well, he would not make any more mistakes—or rather, he would make a good many of the same sort. He would go on making them. He would search for chances to make them. A bad investment! Who had made a better one?

A dance was beginning. He approached Florence.

"I'm not equal to one of these two-steps," he said. "But I think I can remember a waltz. May I have the honor of this dance?"

She looked at him in amazement—in appreciation. Gratifying again—very gratifying.

How the time passed! A stillness had fallen on the room. The music suddenly stopped. All was still.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Midnight," she answered.

And as he still looked at her—

"The new year," she said.

Some one had thrown open the windows. With her he stood near looking out upon the snowy gardens. Afar off he heard a whistle blow. Another sounded down by the harbor. Then another followed. In a moment the humming chorus rose from all parts of the dark city. Then a bell began, then another—clash, clang they went. It was splendid, magnificent. He felt his heart beat, felt the blood tingle in his veins.

"The new year," he murmured.

The glorious din continued, increased, louder now—now lower on the winter wind.

"It is a new year for me."

She smiled.

"And I shall see you again?"

"Come to-morrow," she said as she held out her hand.

Got What He Wanted

GOVERNOR S. R. VAN SANT of Minnesota, received a letter from an office-seeker recently which read something like this:

I want to be an office-holder. I am not particular as to what office I hold, and anything within your power to confer will be acceptable. Any old office left over will do.

The Governor appointed him a notary public and sent him a bill for three dollars.

A Senator of Two Republics

By G. G. VEST

Ex-Senator from Missouri

Thomas A. Hendricks
Allen G. Thurman

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS

ALLEN G. THURMAN

OF THE Democratic leaders since the Civil War, Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana, and Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, were the most loved and revered by their party. They were Jeffersonian Democrats of the old school, and believed in the ability of the people to govern themselves and that all governments derived their just powers from the consent of the governed. If in the Senate of the United States they would not have assisted the McKinley administration in ratifying a treaty which established the colonial system and seized an archipelago on the other side of the world, with its ten million of inhabitants, for commercial purposes, they would have firmly opposed the coercion of these people by military force and the passage of an act by the United States Congress which gave to the President the right to appoint all officers in these islands with such powers as he deemed necessary.

Thomas A. Hendricks was an ideal popular leader. Of medium height, with a well knit, symmetrical person, a large, well-formed head and regular features, on every lineament of which appeared sincerity and benevolence, his personal appearance before an audience was worth more than the speech of an ordinary spellbinder. His voice was musical and resonant, while no public speaker I have ever heard had a more attractive and graceful delivery. Cool, wary, always self-possessed and with a courage that never failed, he led every forlorn hope and inspired such confidence in his followers that victory was often snatched from the jaws of defeat.

The people of Indiana—a pivotal State, on whose soil have been fought more desperate political battles than in any other State of the Union—had implicit confidence in his devotion to honest convictions, and even his political opponents admired and respected him. After being elected to the State legislature and constitutional convention he served two terms in the National House of Representatives and was then appointed Commissioner of the General Land Office, where he introduced many needed reforms and made a national reputation for integrity and ability.

In 1868, when General Grant had ten thousand majority in the State as the Republican candidate for President, Mr. Hendricks, who was the Democratic candidate for Governor, was defeated by about eleven hundred votes, and in 1872, when General Grant again carried Indiana by twenty-two thousand majority, Mr. Hendricks was elected Governor by a majority of twelve hundred.

In 1863, during the Civil War, Mr. Hendricks was elected to the United States Senate and served in that body until 1869. He was the acknowledged leader of the Democratic minority and the pages of the Congressional Record show with what ability and courage he led his party against the long-end majority.

In 1876 he was nominated by the National Democratic Convention for the Vice Presidency, but the electoral commission, by a vote of eight to seven, excluded him from the position to which he and his party believed him to have been fairly elected. No one ever heard Governor Hendricks use invectives or abusive epithets toward those who had in his opinion unjustly deprived him of an office to which he had been elevated by the people of the United States, and when alluding to the matter he always said that personally he had no wish to be Vice-President and greatly preferred to practice his profession as a lawyer, which was far more congenial than political life. He did not, however, concede his defeat at the polls, but acquiesced in the result without any unmanly complaint.

As the Presidential election in 1880 was approaching, the Democrats of the United States were unanimous in the determination to nominate the old ticket of Tilden and Hendricks, in order to right the wrong which they believed had been perpetrated upon the popular will by the manipulation of returning boards in Louisiana, Florida and South Carolina, and the decision of the electoral commission. There were such reports, however, of Governor Tilden's physical condition that many Democrats believed it impossible for him to become again the standard-bearer of his party. I had been chosen by the State Democratic Convention of Missouri a delegate at large to the National Convention, and, being in New York just before that body was to meet in Cincinnati, I called upon Mr. Tilden in company with Colonel James O. Broadhead, a Democratic member of the National House of Representatives, for the purpose of paying our respects and ascertaining what was his real condition. We drove out to his residence on Gramercy Park and found him to be in much poorer health than had been reported by the press. He could speak only in a very low whisper, and when Colonel Broadhead, who knew him well, stated that the Democrats of Missouri were anxious to nominate the old ticket at the approaching National Convention, he made no reply. The interview lasted only a few moments, and we took our leave with the sad conviction that the great Democrat could not possibly live many days.

It seemed to me that, as the warm personal and political friend of Governor Hendricks, I should communicate to him what were the facts in regard to Governor Tilden's condition, and I did so at once. I told him that I sincerely hoped he would consent to his own nomination at Cincinnati for the Presidency, as I was certain Governor Tilden would not accept the nomination if tendered him. He replied that he did not wish his name to be placed before the convention for either the nomination as President or Vice President, and it was his purpose to seek a much-needed rest from all professional and political work, as he felt the necessity of a long vacation. He also said that the name of Senator Joseph E. McDonald, his intimate friend, would be placed before the convention at Cincinnati for the Presidential nomination, and that he had told McDonald he should under no circumstances permit his own name to be used for a place on the National ticket. I did not suspect at the time that Governor Hendricks had any anxiety as to his health, and it was not until after his death that I learned what was perhaps the principal cause of his refusal to become a candidate in 1880.

In the autumn of 1880, after Hancock and English had been nominated at Cincinnati, Governor Hendricks and his wife went to Hot Springs, Arkansas, and while there he was attacked by paralysis, the fact being only known to Mrs. Hendricks and the attending physicians. Two years later Governor Hendricks was seriously ill from lameness in one of his feet and was told by high medical authority that the disease was incurable. He calmly resigned himself to the inevitable and considered his career closed, but, to his own surprise, his health improved, and he again devoted himself to his profession. He knew, however, that he might be stricken down again at any time, and he walked in the shadow of death until the final summons actually came. He made no complaint to any one and said nothing about his apprehensions, but heroically performed his duties and never lost his interest in private and public affairs.

In 1884 he attended the National Democratic Convention at Chicago, and was nominated for the Vice Presidency by acclamation, although he did not desire that his name should be placed upon the ticket. His appearance at the convention was the cause of unbounded enthusiasm, but he exhibited no exultation and accepted reluctantly the nomination tendered him, and from a sense of duty only. He pledged himself for the electoral vote of Indiana, as he had done in 1876, and his pledge was fully redeemed. When James G. Blaine, the "Plumed Knight," swept through the State like a cyclone, hoping by his magnetic oratory to carry Indiana for the Republicans, Governor Hendricks followed him in a series of appointments that will never be forgotten by those who heard him. It was his last canvass and the enthusiasm caused by his appeals to the people who had known him so long, overwhelmed his political opponents.

Governor Hendricks was elected, and presided over the Senate as Vice-President during its session of March 1885, but he was not the active cheerful man I had known in the past years and did not seem to enjoy the situation in Washington. In April, after the close of the session, I met him at the Post Office Department and drove with him to his rooms at Willard's Hotel. He told me that he and Mrs. Hendricks would go to Atlantic City that afternoon and asked me to accompany them. I replied that I could not possibly do so, as I had a great deal of business in the departments and had hardly become acquainted with President Cleveland and his Cabinet. Governor Hendricks said that he did not think the new administration had much use for Democrats like us and that the dogma of civil service reform seemed to be of more importance with the President than anything else. He spoke without any bitterness and said nothing unkind of Mr. Cleveland, but declared that he had no use for a law which put into office under a Democratic administration those who were opposed to the party, and whose only qualification was the knowledge of how many miles it was to the moon, or how many revolutions a wheel of a certain diameter could make in a mile. "I know," he said, "that I am, under the new régime, an old fossil and spoilsman, but I told the President, not long since, that if I had the power I would appoint to office honest and competent Democrats, and I thought they could be found at any time. The departments," he continued, "have been filled during the war and the era of reconstruction by Republican appointees who were charged to the Southern States, when they had no Representatives in Congress, and under this new law no examination whatever is required of the present incumbents—no matter how incompetent they may be. New applicants are required to pass unnecessary and ridiculous examinations, and the system is unequal and unjust. I believe," said Governor Hendricks, "that the principles and policy of the Democratic party are necessary to the welfare of the country, and, when administering the government according to these principles, I want friendly instrumentalities to help me and not indifferent or hostile subordinates."

This is the last time I ever saw this great and lovable man alive. When I next looked upon his face there was no friendly recognition from his kindly eyes, and his eloquent lips were silent. His body lay in state at Indianapolis while thousands passed by the casket in which was the form of one never to be seen again on earth. Faithful to every trust, stainless in private life and with implicit reliance upon the Christian faith, which he had always avowed and illustrated, his death inflicted an irreparable loss upon his country.

The memory of Allen G. Thurman the "old Roman," is always associated in my recollection with that of Governor Hendricks. They differed very much in many respects, but both belonged to that highest class of statesmen who subordinated all personal considerations to public duty.

Editor's Note: This is the ninth in the series of Senator Vest's personal recollections.

Mr. Thurman, after serving in the National House of Representatives and as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio, took his seat as United States Senator in March, 1869, and served in that body for twelve years. Like Governor Hendricks, he was an eminent lawyer and devoted to his profession. He did not pretend to be an orator, and frequently said in the Senate that "if not logical I am nothing." He commanded the respect of his colleagues and was always listened to with closest attention. Though kindly and just, he was not always amiable, and used the battle-ax in debate rather than the rapier. He was absolutely honest in his convictions and unapproachable by any sinister influence. In his great fight to compel the Pacific Transcontinental railroads to pay their indebtedness to the Government he denounced the railroad lobby in the most unmeasured terms, and earned the gratitude of every honest man in the country by his inflexible determination to secure from those great corporations what was justly due by them to the National treasury. When any question came before the Senate, upon one side of which were the interests of the people and on the other the greed of lobbyists and speculators, it was not necessary to inquire as to Thurman's position, for the whole country was certain before hearing from Washington that the old Roman" was fighting for honesty and justice. With his snuff-box on the desk before him, his red bandanna handkerchief, always ready for use, was the battle-flag around which the Democrats gathered in every conflict.

In March, 1879, when Senator Hoar moved an amendment to the bill granting pensions to the soldiers in the Mexican War providing that Jefferson Davis should not receive any pension from the United States, Senator Thurman used the following characteristic language, which illustrates the directness that usually marked all he said:

> I do not believe much in this assumed indignation toward that man, especially when it comes from a Senator from the State in which treason has been published and preached longer and more violently than it ever was in any other State in this Union. I do not know that the Senator from Massachusetts ever had any denunciations for Lloyd Garrison and the like, who denounced the Constitution of the United States as a compact with hell, who said they were in favor of achieving the liberty of the slaves over the broken Union and over the trampled-down Constitution of the country. I never heard of his denouncing them. I never heard that his indignation then rose in the way that it seems to be excited to-night.

To this part of Senator Thurman's remarks Senator Hoar made no reply, and it must be presumed that his failure to do so was because no satisfactory refutation could be made.

Judge Thurman was the acknowledged leader of his party in the Senate during his term of service and was very earnest in advocating amendments or riders to the general appropriation bills in 1878-9, which prohibited virtually the employment of supervisors, deputy marshals and soldiers at the polls in any State or Territory. At the called session of 1879, the debate in both Houses of Congress was lengthy and acrimonious. Senator Thurman argued ably and logically for the proposed amendments, but the issue was an unfortunate one at the time it was made. The people of the United States, without distinction as to party, wanted peace and were opposed to coercive measures. They did not relish the idea of starving the Government to death, as Garfield expressed it, and the elections following the adjournment of the called session, including the Presidential election of 1880, went against the Democratic party.

In 1888 Judge Thurman was nominated for the Vice-Presidency by the Democrats, but was defeated. He was quite infirm at the time of his nomination and not able to take any active part in the canvass. He spoke once in the city of New York, but then retired to his residence at Columbus, Ohio, and never appeared again in public life.

The personal intimacy which existed between Judge Thurman and Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, illustrated the truth of President Garfield's statement that the "sweetest fruit often hung over the party wall." Although differing widely upon all political questions, Thurman and Edmunds were devoted friends, and whenever luncheon-time came could be seen arm in arm on their way to a committee-room, where they spent an hour in taking refreshments and enjoying genial companionship. They were both great lawyers, although their intellectual methods differed. Thurman did not pay much attention to technicalities and details, but Edmunds, though thoroughly versed in all branches of the law, enjoyed greatly technical objections to bills offered in the Senate of which he was not the author. He had a kindly disposition but was unable to resist the temptation of pointing out the defects in proposed legislation.

Senator Hoar told me that when the Republicans of Massachusetts in 1880 passed resolutions in their State convention indorsing Edmunds as the Republican candidate for President he was requested by the convention to present a copy of the resolutions to him at Washington. He found the Vermont Senator in the Judiciary Committee room and, after a few congratulatory remarks, handed him the resolutions. Senator Edmunds read them carefully and then said, "Brother Hoar, I will make reply in writing to the convention, but in the mean time please state to them that I could not under any circumstances accept a nomination for the Presidency. I know the terrible responsibilities and duties of the office and could not, for domestic and personal reasons, accept it if tendered to me." "But," said Hoar, "think, Senator, what a luxury it would be to veto bills and joint resolutions when presented for your approval."

Senator Thurman was a great reader and much enjoyed literary research. I met him one day in the Congressional Library, which was then located in the Capitol, and, as he seemed very much interested in a book he was reading, I asked him its title, and he answered that he had been investigating the subject of suttee or the reasons for the Hindus adopting the custom of burning the widow on the funeral pyre of the husband. "I have been," he said, "thinking about this thing for some time, and I find that the reason of the custom was the terrible fatality among the wealthy old Hindus who had young, handsome wives. Death became so frequent among the millionaires that they suspected their young wives of using poison to get rid of their husbands, and," said Senator Thurman, as he took a pinch of snuff, "the law worked admirably which provided for burning the widow on the husband's funeral pyre, there being very few deaths after the act went into effect. Besides this, the wives became extremely solicitous about the health of the old gentlemen and made them much more comfortable thereafter."

It will be many years before two such leaders as Hendricks and Thurman will appear in the political arena, where they fought so long and bravely for the truth as they saw it.

THE COST

By David Graham Phillips

XVI

SCARBOROUGH often rode with Gladys and Pauline, sometimes with Gladys alone. One afternoon in August he came expecting to go out with both. But Gladys was not well that day. She had examined her pale face and deeply circled eyes in her glass; she had counseled with her maid—a discreetly and soothingly frank French woman. Too late to telephone him, she had overruled her longing to see him and had decided that at what she hoped was his "critical stage" it would be wiser not to show herself to him thus—even in her most becoming teagown, that compelled the eyes of the beholder to a fascinating game of hide and seek with her neck and arms and the lines of her figure.

"And Mrs. Dumont?" inquired Scarborough of the servant who brought Gladys' message and note.

"She's out walking, sir."

Scarborough rode away, taking the long drive through the grounds of the Eyrie, as it would save him a mile of dusty and not well-shaded highway. A few hundred yards and he was passing the sloping meadows that lay golden bronze in the sun, beyond the narrow fringe of wood skirting and shielding the drive. The grass and clover had been cut. Part of it was spread where it had fallen, part had been raked into little hillocks ready for the wagons. At the edge of one of these hillocks far down the slope he saw the tail of a pale blue skirt, a white parasol cast upon the stubble beside it. He reined in his horse, pretended to himself to hesitate, smiled faintly at his pretense, dismounted, tied his bridle round a sapling. He strode across the field toward the hillock that had betrayed its secret to him

"Do I interrupt?" he called when he was still far enough away not to be taking her by surprise.

There was no answer. He paused, debating whether to call again or to turn back.

But soon she was rising—the lower part of her tall narrow figure hid by the hillock, the upper part revealing to him the strong stamp of that vivid individuality of hers which separated her at once from no matter what company. She had on a big garden hat, trimmed just a little with summer flowers, a blouse of some soft white material, with even softer lace on the shoulders and in the long, loose sleeves. She gave a friendly nod and glance in his direction, and said: "Oh, no—not at all. I'm glad to have help in enjoying this."

She was looking out toward the mists of the horizon hills. The heat of the day had passed; the woods, the hillocks of hay were casting long shadows on the pale-bronze fields. A breeze had sprung up and was lifting from the hay its keen, sweet, intoxicating perfume—like the odor which classic zephyrs used to shake from the flowing hair of woodland nymphs.

He stood beside her without speaking, looking intently at her. "Bandit was lame," she said when it seemed necessary to say something

She rode a thoroughbred, Bandit, who would let no one else mount him; whenever she got a new saddle she herself had to help put it on, so alert was he for schemes to entrap him to some other's service. He obeyed her in the haughty, nervous way characteristic of thoroughbreds—obeyed because he felt that she was without fear, and because she had the firm but gentle hand that does not fret a horse yet does not let him think for an instant that he is or can be free. Then, too, he had his share of the universal, fundamental vanity we should probably find swelling the oyster did we but know how to interpret it; and he must have appreciated what an altogether harmonious spectacle it was when he swept along with his mistress upon his back as light and free as a Valkyr

"I was sorry to miss the ride," Pauline went on after another pause—to her, riding was the keenest of the many physical delights that come to those who have vigorous and courageous bodies and sensitive nerves. Whenever it was possible she fought out her battles with herself on horseback, usually finding herself able there to drown mental distress in the surge of physical exultation.

As he still did not speak she looked at him—and could not look away. She had not seen that expression since their final hour together at Battle Field, though in these few last months she had been remembering it so exactly, had been wondering, doubting whether she could not bring it to his face, had been forbidding herself to long to see it again. And there it was, unchanged like all the inflexible purposes that made his character and his career. And back to her came, as it had come many a time, the story he had told her of his father and mother, of his father's love for his mother—how it had enfolded her from the harshness and peril of pioneer life, had enfolded her in age no less than in youth, had gone down into and through the Valley of the Shadow with her, had not left her even at the gates of Death, but had gone on with her into the beyond. And Pauline trembled, an enormous joy thrilling through and through her. "Don't!" she said, uncertainly. "Don't look at me like that, *please!*"

"You were crying," he said abruptly. He stood before her, obviously one who had conquered the respect of the world in fair, open battle, and has the courage that is for those only who have tested their strength and know it will not fail them.

SHE HAD EXAMINED HER PALE FACE AND DEEPLY CIRCLED EYES IN HER GLASS

And the sight of him, the look of him, filled her not with the mere belief, but with the absolute conviction that no malign power in all the world or in the mystery round the world could come past him to her to harass or harm her. The doubts, the sense of desolation that had so agitated her a few minutes before now seemed trivial, weak, unworthy

She lowered her eyes—she had thought he would not observe the slight traces of the tears she had carefully wiped away. She clasped her hands meekly and looked—and felt—like a guilty child The coldness, the haughtiness were gone from her face.

"Yes," she said shyly. "Yes—I—I——" She lifted her eyes—her tears had made them as soft and luminous as the eyes of a child just awake from a long, untroubled sleep. "But—you must not ask me. It's nothing that can be helped. It seems nothing—now." She made a faint effort to smile. "If you knew what a comfort it is to cry you'd try it."

"I have," he replied. Then after a pause he added: "Once."

Something in his tone—she did not venture to look at him again—made her catch her breath. She instantly and instinctively knew when that "once" was. "I don't care to try it again, thank you," he went on. "But it made me able to understand what sort of 'comfort' you were getting. For—you don't cry easily.

The katydids were clamoring drowsily in the tops of the sycamores. From out of sight beyond the orchard came the monotonous, musical whirr of a reaper. A quail whistled his pert, hopeful, careless "Bob White!" from the rail fence edging the wheat field. A bumble bee grumbled among a cluster of swaying clover blossoms which the mower had spared. And the breeze tossed up and rolled over the meadow, over the senses of the young man and the young woman, great billows of that perfume which is the combined essence of all Nature's love philters.

Pauline sank upon the hay, and Scarborough stretched himself on the ground at her feet. "For a long time it's been getting darker and darker for me," she began, in the tone of one who is talking of some past sorrow which casts a retreating shadow over present joy to make it the brighter by contrast. "To-day—this afternoon it seemed as if the light were just about to go out—for good and all. And I came here. I found myself lying on the ground—on the bosom of this old cruel-kind mother of ours. And——" She did not finish—he would know the rest. Besides, what did it matter—now? He said: "If only there were some way in which I could help."

"It isn't the people who appear at the crises of one's life, like the hero on the stage, that really help. I'm afraid the crises, the real crises of real life, must always be met alone."

"Alone," he said in an undertone. The sky was blue now—cloudless blue; but in that word "alone" he could hear the rumble of storms below the horizon, storms past, storms to come.

"The real helpers," she went on, "are those who strengthen us day by day, hour by hour. And when no physical presence would do any good, when no outside aid is possible—they—— It's like finding a wall at one's back when one's in dread of being surrounded. I suppose you don't realize how much it means to—to how many people—to watch a man who goes straight and strong on his way—without blustering, without trampling anybody, without taking any mean advantage. You don't mind my saying these things?"

"I couldn't tell you how glad it makes me to know that you think them," he answered. "And I needed to hear them to-day. For it seemed to me that I, too, had got to the limit of my strength."

"But you hadn't!" She said this confidently.

"No—I suppose not. I've thought so before; but somehow I've always managed to gather myself together. This time it was the work of years apparently undone, hopelessly undone. They"—she understood that "they" meant the leaders of the two corrupt rings whose rule of the State his power with the people menaced—"they have bought away some of my best men—bought them with those 'favors' that are so much more disreputable than money because they're so much more 'respectable.' Then they came to me"—he laughed unpleasantly—"and took me up into a high mountain and showed me all the kingdoms of the earth, as it were. I could be Governor, Senator, they said, could probably have the nomination for President even. Not if I would fall down and worship them, but if I would let them alone. I could accomplish nearly all that I've worked so long to accomplish if I would only concede a few things to them. I could be *almost* free. Almost—that is, not free at all."

She did not ask what his answer had been—she knew. She said: "I'd have thought they knew you better"

"And," he continued, "it looks as if I'll have to build from the foundation again."

"I think not," she replied. "If they weren't still afraid of you they'd never come to you. Besides, what does it matter? *You* don't fight for victory, you fight for the fight's sake. And so"—she looked at him proudly—"you can't lose."

"Thank you Thank you," he said in a low voice

She sighed. "How I envy you! You *live*. I can simply be alive. Sometimes I feel as if I were sitting in a railway station waiting to begin my journey—waiting for a train that's late—nobody knows how late. Simply alive—that's all"

"That's a great deal," he said He was looking round at

"YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING THESE THINGS?"

the sky, at the horizon, at the fields far and near, at her.

"A great deal," he repeated

"You feel that, too?" She smiled. "I suppose I should live on through anything and everything, because, away down under the surface where even the worst storms can't reach, there's always a sort of tremendous joy—the sense of being alive—just alive." She drew a long breath. "Often when I've been—anything but happy—a little while ago, for instance—I have suddenly a feeling of ecstasy. I say to myself, 'Yes, I suffer, but—I'm *alive!*'"

He made a sudden impulsive movement toward her, then restrained himself, pressed his lips together and fell back upon his elbow.

"I suppose I ought to be ashamed of myself," she added.

"You mustn't say that." He was sitting up, was speaking with all his energy. "All that you were telling me a while ago to encourage me applies to you, too—and more—more. You *do* live. You *are* what you long to be. That ideal you're always trying to grasp—don't you know why you can't grasp it, Pauline? Because it's your own self, your own image reflected as in a mirror."

He broke off abruptly, acutely conscious that he was leaning far over the barrier between them. There was a distant shout—from vigorous, boyish lungs. Gardiner, mad with the joy of healthy seven, came running and jumping across the field to land with a leap astride the hillock, scattering wisps of hay over his mother and Scarborough. Pauline turned without getting up, caught her boy by the arms and with mock violence shook and thrust him deep down into the damaged hillock. She seemed to be making an outlet for some happiness too great to be contained. He laughed and shouted and struggled, pushed and pulled her. Her hat fell off, her hair loosened and the sun showered gold of many shades upon it. She released him and stood up, straightening and smoothing her hair and breathing quickly, the color high in her cheeks

Scarborough was already standing, watching her with an expression of great cheerfulness. "Good by," he now said. "The caravan"—his tone was half jesting, half serious—"has been spending the heat and dust of the day on the oasis It makes night journeys only. It must push on."

"Night journeys only," repeated Pauline. "That sounds gloomy."

"But there are the stars—and the moon"

She laughed. "And other oases ahead. Good-by—and thank you!"

The boy, close to his mother and facing Scarborough, was looking from her to him and back again—curiously, it almost seemed suspiciously. Both noticed it; both flushed slightly. Scarborough shook hands with her, bowed to the little boy with a formality and constraint that might have seemed ludicrous to an onlooker. He went toward his horse; Gardiner and his mother took the course at right angles across the field in the direction in which the towers of the Eyrie could be seen above the treetops. Suddenly the boy said, as if it were the conclusion of a long internal argument: "I like Mr. Scarborough"

"Why not?" asked his mother amusedly.

"I—I don't know," replied the boy. "Anyhow, I like him. I wish he'd come and stay with us and Aunt Gladys."

Gladys! the reminder made her uncomfortable, made her feel that she ought to be remorseful. But she hastened on to defend herself. What reason had she to believe that Gladys cared for him, except as she always cared for difficult conquest? Hadn't Gladys again and again gone out of her way to explain that she wasn't in love with him? Hadn't she said, only two days before, "I don't believe I could fall in love with any man. Certainly I couldn't unless he had made it very clear to me that he was in love with me."

Pauline had heretofore regarded these elaborations of superfluous protestation as Gladys' efforts to curtain herself. Now she dwelt upon them with eager pleasure, and assured and reassured herself that she had been supersensitive and that Gladys had really been frank and truthful with her.

XVII

IN THE following November, on the morning after the general election Dumont awoke bubbling over with good humor—as always when the world went well with him and so set the strong, red currents of his body to flowing in unobstructed channels.

He had not gone to bed the previous night until he had definite news from Indiana, Illinois and New York, the three States in which his industrial-political stakes were heaviest. They had gone as he wished, as he and his friends had spent large sums of money to assist them to go. And now a glance at the morning papers confirmed his midnight bulletins. Indiana, where he had made the strongest efforts because the control of its statute book was vital to him, had gone his way barely but, apparently, securely; Scarborough was beaten for Governor by twenty-five hundred. Presently he had Culver in to begin the day's business. The first paper Culver handed him was a cipher telegram announcing the closing of an agreement which made the National Woolens Company absolute in the Northwest; the second item in Culver's budget was also a cipher telegram—from Merriweather. It had been filed at four o'clock—several hours later than the newspaper dispatches. It said that Scarborough's friends conceded his defeat, that the Legislature was safely Dumont's way in both houses. Culver always sorted out to present first the agreeable part of the morning's budget; never had he been more successful

At the office Dumont found another cipher telegram from Merriweather—"Later returns show Scarborough elected by a narrow majority. But he will be practically powerless as Legislature and all other State offices are with us."

Dumont crushed the telegram in his hand. "Powerless—h——l!" he muttered. "Does he think I'm a fool?" He had spent three hundred thousand dollars to "protect" his monopoly in its home; for it was under Indiana laws, as interpreted by Dumont's agents in public office, that the main or holding corporation of his group was organized. And he knew that, in spite of his judges and his Attorney-General and his legislative lobby and his resourceful lawyers and his subsidized newspapers, a Governor of Scarborough's courage and sagacity could harass him severely, could perhaps drive him from the State. Heretofore he had felt, and had been, secure in the might of his millions. But now—— He had a dread of impending helplessness in presence of this peril, this man strong with a strength against which money and intrigue were as futile as a bow and arrow against a magazine rifle. And to such a spoiled favorite of fortune as Dumont had become the sense of helplessness is maddening.

He opened the door leading into the room where his twenty personal clerks were at work. They glanced at his face, winced visibly, and bent to their tasks. They knew that expression—it meant "J. D. will take the hide off every one who goes near him to-day."

"Tell Mr Giddings I want to see him," he snapped, lifting the head of the nearest clerk with a glance like an electric shock.

The clerk rose, tiptoed away to the office of the first vice-president of the Woolens Trust. He came tiptoeing back to say in a faint, deprecating voice: "Mr. Giddings isn't down yet, sir."

Dumont rolled out a volley of violent language about Giddings. In his tantrums he had no more regard for the dignity of his chief lieutenants, themselves rich men and middle-aged to old, than he had for his office-boys. To the

Ineffable Grand Turk what noteworthy distinction is there between Vizier and sandal-strapper? "Send him in—quick, —you, as soon as he comes," he shouted in conclusion. If he had not paid generously, if his lieutenants had not been coining huge dividends out of his brains and commercial audacity, if his magnetic, confidence-inspiring personality had not created in the minds of all about him visions of golden rivers widening into golden oceans, he would have been deserted and execrated. As it was, his service was eagerly sought, and his servants endured its mental and moral hardships as the prospector endures the physical cruelties of the mountain fastnesses.

He was closing his private door when the door-boy from the outermost of that maze of handsomely decorated and furnished offices came up to him with a card.

"Not here," he growled, and shut himself in.

Half an hour later the sounds of an angry tumult in the clerks' room made him fling his door open. "What the——" he began, his heavy face purple, then stopped amazed.

The outside doorkeeper, the watchman and several clerks were engaged in a struggle with Fanshaw. His hat was off, his hair wild, his necktie, shirt and coat awry. "There you are now—I knew you were in," he shouted, as he caught sight of Dumont. "Call these curs off, Jack!"

"Let him alone," snarled Dumont.

Fanshaw was released. He advanced into Dumont's office, straightening his clothing and panting with exertion, excitement and anger. Dumont closed the door. "Well," he said, surlily. "What d' you want?"

"I'll have to go to the wall at half-past ten if you don't help me out," said Fanshaw. "The Montana election went against my crowd—I'm in the copper deal. There's a slump, but the stock's dead sure to go up within a week."

"In trouble again?" sneered Dumont. "It's been only three months since I pulled you through."

"You didn't lose anything by it, did you?" retorted Fanshaw—he had recovered himself and was eying Dumont with the cool, steady, significant stare of one rascal at another whom he thinks he has in his power.

Before that look Dumont flushed an angrier red. "I won't do it again!" and he brought his fist down with a bang.

"All I want is five hundred thousand to carry my copper for a week at the outside. If I get it I'll clear a million. If I don't"—Fanshaw shrugged his shoulders—"I'll be cleaned out." He looked with narrowed, shifting eyes at Dumont. "My wife has all she's got in this," he went on, "even her jewels."

Dumont's look shot straight into Fanshaw's. "Not a cent!" he said with vicious emphasis. "Not a red!"

Fanshaw paled and pinched in his lips. "I'm a desperate man. I'm ruined. Leonora——"

Dumont shook his head, the veins swelling in his forehead and neck. The last strand of his self-restraint snapped. "Leave her out of this! She has no claim on me *now*—and *you* never had."

Fanshaw stared at him, then sprang to his feet, all in a blaze. "You scoundrel!" he shouted, shaking his fist under Dumont's nose.

"If you don't clear out instantly I'll have you thrown out," said Dumont. He was cool and watchful now.

Fanshaw folded his arms and looked down at him with the dignified fury of the betrayed and outraged. "So!" he exclaimed. "I see it all!"

Dumont pressed an electric button, then leaned back in his revolving chair and surveyed Fanshaw tranquilly. "Not a cent!" he repeated, a cruel smile in his eyes and round his mouth. The boy came and Dumont said to him: "Send the watchman."

Fanshaw drew himself up: "I shall punish you," he said. "Your wealth will not save you." And he stalked past the gaping office-boy.

He stood in front of the Equitable Building, looking aimlessly up and down the street as he pulled his long, narrow, brown-gray mustache. Gloom was in his face and hate in his heart—not hate for Dumont alone but hate for all who were what he longed to be, all rich and "successful" men. And the towering steel and stone palaces of prosperity sneered down upon him with crushing mockery.

"D——n them all!" he muttered. "The cold hearted thieves!"

From his entry into that district he had played a gambling game, had played it dishonestly in a small way. Again and again he had sneakingly violated Wall Street's code of morality—that curious code with its quaint, unexpected incorporations of parts of the Decalogue and its quainter, though not so unexpected, infringements thereof and amendments thereto. Now by "pull," now by trickery, he had evaded punishment. But apparently at last he was to be brought to bar, branded and banished.

"D——n them all!" he repeated. "They're a pack of wolves. They've got me down and they're going to eat me."

He blamed Dumont and he blamed his wife for his plight—and there was some justice in both accusations. Twenty years before, he had come down to "the Street" a frank looking, handsome boy, of an old and distinguished New York family that had become too aristocratic for business and had therefore lost its hold upon its once great fortune. He was then neither a good boy nor a bad. But he was weak, and had the somewhat extravagant tastes and cynical morals to which he had been bred; and his intelligent brain was of the kind that goes with weakness—shrewd and sly, preferring to slink along the byways of craft even when the highway of courage lies straight and easy. But as he had physical bravery and the self-confidence that is based upon an assured social position in a community where social position is worshiped, he passed for manly and proud when he was in reality neither. Family vanity he had; personal pride he had not.

In many environments his weakness would have remained hid even from himself, and he would have lived and died in the odor and complacence of respectability. But not in the strain and stress of Wall Street. There he had naturally developed not into a lion, not even into a wolf, but into a coyote.

Wall Street found him out in ten years—about one year after it began to take note of him and his skulking ways and his habit of prowling in the wake of the pack. When he was found out only his adroit use of his family connections and his social position saved him from being trampled to death by the wolves and eaten by his brother coyotes. Year after year he lived precariously, but on the whole sumptuously, upon carcasses of one kind and another. He participated in "strike" suits against big corporations—he would set on a pack of coyotes to dog the lions and to raise discordant howls that inopportunely centred public attention upon leonine, lawless doings; the lions would pay him well to call off the pack. He assisted sometimes wolves and sometimes coyotes in flotations of worthless, or almost worthless, stocks and bonds from gold and mahogany offices and upon a sea of glittering prospectuses. He had a hand in all manner of small, shady transactions of lawful, or almost lawful, swindling that were tolerated by lions and wolves because at bottom there is a feeling of fellowship among creatures of prey as against creatures preyed upon.

There were days when he came home haggard and blue in the lips to tell Leonora that he must fly. There were days when he returned from the chase, or rather from the skulk, elated, youthful, his pockets full of money and his imagination afire with hopes of substantial wealth. But his course was steadily downward, his methods steadily farther and farther from the line of the law. Dumont came just in time to save him, came to build him up from the most shunned of coyotes into a deceptive imitation of a wolf with aspirations toward the lion class.

Leonora knew that he was small, but she thought all men small—she had supreme contempt for her own sex; and it seemed to her that men must be even less worthy of respect since they were so much under the influence of women and lavished so much time and money on them. Thus she was deceived into cherishing the hope that her husband, small and timid though he was, would expand into a multi-millionaire and would help her to possess the splendors she now enjoyed at the expense of her associates whom she despised. She was always thinking how far more impressive than their splendor her magnificence would be if their money were added to her brains and beauty.

Dumont had helped Fanshaw as much as he could. He immediately detected the coyote. He knew it was impossible to make a lion or even a wolf out of one who was both small and crooked. He used him only in minor matters, chiefly in doing queer, dark things on the market with National Woolens, things he indirectly ordered done but refused to know the details of beyond the one important detail—the record of checks for the profits in his bank account. For such matters Fanshaw did as well as another. But as Dumont became less of a wolf and more of a lion, less of a speculator and more of a financier, he had less and less work of the kind Fanshaw could do.

But Leonora, unaware of her husband's worthlessness and desperate in her calamities, sneered and jeered and lashed him on—to ruin. The coyote could put on the airs of a lion so long as the lion was his friend and protector; when he kept on in the same bold and kingly ways after the lion had driven him away he speedily came to grief.

As he stood looking helplessly up and down Broad Street he was debating what move to make. There were about even measures of truth and falsehood in his statement to Dumont—he did need two hundred thousand dollars; and he must have it before a quarter past two that day or go into a bankruptcy from which he could not hope to save a shred of reputation or to secrete more than fifty thousand dollars.

"To the New York Life Building," he finally said to the driver as he got into his hansom. Then to himself: "I'll have a go at old Herron."

He knew that Dumont and Herron had quarreled, and that Herron had sold out of the National Woolens Company. But he did not know that Herron was a man with a fixed idea, hatred of Dumont, and a fixed purpose, to damage him at every opportunity that offered or could be created, to ruin him if possible.

When the National Woolens Company was expanded into the huge conglomerate it now was—a hundred millions common, a hundred millions preferred, and twenty millions of bonds—Herron had devised and directed the intricate and highly perilous course among the rocks of law and public opinion in many States and in the nation. It was a splendid exhibition of legal pilotting, and he was bitterly dissatisfied with the modest reward of ten millions of the preferred stock which Dumont apportioned to him. He felt that that would have been about his just share in the new concern merely in exchange for his stock in the old. When he found Dumont obdurate, and grew frank and spoke such words as "dishonor" and "dishonesty" and got into the first syllable of "swindling," Dumont cut him off with—

"If you don't like it, get out! I can hire that sort of work for half what I've paid you. You're swollen with vanity. We ought to have a young man in your position, anyhow."

Herron might have swallowed the insult to his pride as a lawyer. But the insult to his pride in his youth! He was fifty-two and in dress and in expression was stoutly insisting that he was still a young man whom hard work had made prematurely gray and somewhat wrinkled. Dumont's insinuation that he was old and stale set a great fire of hate ablazing—he, of course, told himself and others that his wrath was stirred solely because his sense of justice had been outraged by the "swindling."

Fanshaw entered Herron's office wearing the jaunty air of arrogant prosperity, never so important as when prosperity has fled. But Herron's shrewd, experienced eyes penetrated the sham. He had intended to

(Continued on Page 25)

"NOT A CENT!" HE SAID WITH VICIOUS EMPHASIS

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶A real worker never looks forward to an old-age pension.

¶Living costs more in these days—but it is worth more to live.

¶One great danger in marrying for money is that the money may get a separation.

¶Don't worry. Perhaps the dollars you did not win are already spent by the fellow who got them.

¶Most poems are like flying machines—soaring inspirations until they are tried on the public.

¶According to Joseph Chamberlain, John Bull's free trade policy needs to be harmonized with his justly famous tipping system.

The Penalty of Prominence

IN A PUBLIC letter to a friend Mr. Cleveland recently tried to eliminate himself as a possibility for the Democratic nomination. He used such resolute phrases and words as "in any circumstances," "upon any consideration," "determination" and "unalterable" and "conclusive." In fact he made it very clear that, so far as it lay in his power, he should refuse to be drawn from the dignified and exemplary repose that has made him such a satisfactory figure for his fellow-countrymen to contemplate as an ideal for a citizen as well as for an ex President

But just as his "boom" for the nomination was not of his seeking, so his effort to flatten it seems not to be in his power. Nor can his persistent admirers be called impertinent. For they put their persistence upon the ground that peace has its crises no less vital, if less sensational, than wars; that the tried, the developed, the competent man is always needed for any crisis; that no good citizen ever could refuse to obey the call to duty. One of the penalties of the possession of a reputation for sterling character and sterling capacity is the absolute impossibility of ever retiring so long as health and strength remain. The world has so few "A 1" men, whether "A 1" artisans or "A 1" statesmen—at least, it has so few that it knows about.

The Reason for the Ache

FROM every part of the country come reports of manufactories shutting down wholly or in part, of workmen discharged and reduced. Yet we have all the essential elements of a prosperity as great as that of any recent flush years; and the great majority of the American people are enjoying high-tide prosperity. Why, then, this relaxing that may possibly become a collapse in manufacturing? The shallow explanation is over-production—as if there ever could be over-production when there are millions on millions eager and ready to adopt higher standards of living. The true word is under consumption. But it is an explanation that must itself be explained.

Flush times produce better prices. Better prices raise the cost of living. Unless there is a relative actual, not nominal, rise in wages there must be a reaction, because the consumers who are wage-earners cannot stand the pace. But if the profits which flush times have produced go into the pockets of stock-waterers and promoters and industrial parasites of divers kinds—a small number of persons at most and therefore a small factor in consumption—the purchasing ability, the consuming ability of the wage-earners, who are a vast number of persons, cannot be increased. And there come—the present and the apparently imminent conditions.

The Open Season

EVERY few days we read of the arrest of some conspicuous citizen for violating game laws; and we have gratifying proof that the law is alert, impartial and relentless in protecting our wild fellow-denizens of these United States. At the very same time, however, the tame human denizens are being set upon, robbed and oppressed in ways pecuniary and in ways political by sundry of the race of Titans whom we have given the range of our domains on equal terms with our puny personal selves. But there is no agitation on the part of officers of the law; even the victorious pay these unlawful and extortionate tolls with an astonishingly small amount of murmuring. It is far safer for a street railway corporation to bring down a human being with a trolley car than it is for a private citizen to bring down a protected bird or beast with a rifle.

This is not as it should be. But he would be a very hasty and shallow reasoner who concluded that here was a matter for wild talk or wild action. The reason, the chief reason, for the difference in the speed and success of justice in the two cases is not corruption but ignorance. And when the nature and method and effect of monopolistic outrages is as clearly understood as is the nature and method and effect of game-law violations, it will be a rare occurrence for a producer of oil or sugar or steel, or any other commodity, to lay one set of fingers on the throat of a consumer and the other set on his pocketbook

Patience and education.

Uncle Sam's Gray Hairs

WHEN the Marquis of Lorne was in Canada he declared Quebec to be the best specimen of the old Norman town then in existence. It has been very little modernized or regilt since then, and just now is being exploited in England as a relic of antiquity, taking rank in interest with Florence or Rheims.

The English have a faculty—the outgrowth of their leisurely lives—for nosing out antiquity or dramatic features in modern places. They are a little occupied at present with American towns.

They have just discovered that "the ancient historic city of Cincinnati" had in its beginnings a "classical atmosphere" and a "stateliness of life based on culture and Calvinism." This will probably startle the well-to-do hustlers of that up-to-date burgh when they hear of it.

We are, perhaps, too careless of our traditions. Some of our keen-witted young writers who are beating about the world for subjects ought to root out the history of some of our towns—say St. Louis or New Orleans. The de Bienvilles and Henty were heroes with as strange records as any Dutch buccaneer or Scotch cattle-lifter, and the little town of New Castle in Delaware had as tragic a history as Rome itself.

This sturdy young nation may be too bumptious and boastful for good manners, but, after all, it has gray hairs enough to give it dignity and discretion, if it would acknowledge them.

Colleges and Typhoid Fever

EVERY year, at some college or other, and sometimes at two or three colleges, there is an epidemic of typhoid, not often as severe as that at Ithaca last year, but severe enough to interfere with college work to a serious extent, and costing the lives of a number of students and perhaps wrecking the health of many more.

Some directors of colleges, seeking to shirk their responsibilities, are disposed to say that they cannot be expected to guard against such outbreaks of disease any more than municipalities can, and that students who go to college must take the same risk of illness there that they take anywhere else.

Is this a just view of the situation? Colleges are managed, or are supposed to be managed, by experts, having at their disposal a corps of scientific men who are well informed as to the requirements of modern sanitation. Could the time of chemists and bacteriologists be occupied to better advantage than by utilizing their knowledge and experience in behalf of the health of the community with which their professional researches are associated?

When an epidemic of typhoid breaks out it is almost always due either to a contaminated water supply or to infected milk. When it is caused by other remote and obscure conditions it is of the utmost importance that those conditions should be known and thoroughly investigated. What could be more reasonable than to ask that the college make the study of local sanitary conditions a regular part of the college work, and even of the college curriculum? The cost to the college of maintaining such a department would be practically nothing, and the resulting benefit, not only to the college, but to all who dwell in or visit college towns, would be very great.

The expense of a typhoid epidemic to a college in the interruption to college work and the loss of prestige that it entails can hardly be calculated in dollars and cents. The effect of a high standard of sanitation in college communities upon other communities would be of inestimable benefit in raising the general level of health and wellbeing. Here is an opportunity for the college to take the lead in the era of applied science that is to bring in a new civilization.

A Discredited Theory

SEVERAL sicknesses among "illustrious personages" at home and abroad have started again the talk about "hereditary diseases." That phrase is one of the many disguises of ignorance of which frail and vain human nature is so fond. The fact is that, so far as anything not absolutely disproved can be discredited, the theory of hereditary disease has been discredited. Diseases may pass from generation to generation by contagion or infection; indeed, it is extremely natural that they should do so. But the most that science can concede to the theory of hereditary disease in its accepted form is that nature transmits from generation to generation an hereditary *tendency* to certain weaknesses which lay certain organs open to attack by the germs of certain diseases.

The Millionaires' Panic

THE interesting feature of the recent and still progressing process of "liquidation" has been the extraordinary number of very rich and very much looked-up-to leaders of finance and industry caught and savagely squeezed; and the further the public sees into the enterprises upon which these men embarked the greater becomes the wonder. Who would have believed that men of business sense and experience could be so pitifully gulled?

But there are three excellent reasons. The first is the delusion among men of this class that they were of superhuman intelligence, that they couldn't possibly make a mistake, that whatever they attempted must be successful. The second reason is the illusion among them that the mass of their fellowmen were fools and failures and could, therefore, be cozened and "unloaded" upon indefinitely. The third reason is the hallucination among these men that the number of a man's millions was the measure of his greatness, that the one prize of life was multiplied millions.

When a man thinks he is infallible, thinks his fellowmen are fools, and, to cap the climax of insanity, is stark mad to be as rich as the richest, his only hope of safety is in the appointment of a guardian for him

New Year's Resolutions

HERE is 1904! New Year's Day was set apart by the last generation for making friendly calls and good resolutions. Nobody makes calls now—the custom fell too often into a daylight orgie, and so into disrepute. A rational man now makes no good resolutions to take effect on a certain day. He knows too well that he will break them, and why add to the load of shortcomings which 1904 will have to carry for him?

Yet we all have an uneasy sense that the first day of the year should be celebrated by some extra display of virtue. The easiest and most effective thing to do, perhaps, would be to pay our debts. Nothing carries light into so many dark corners in life as the dollar that you owe. You pay it to Byles, the butcher, and it goes on its way for a hundred years, bringing bread or candles or medicine to countless honest folk who pay their way. You would have, no doubt, a heroic glow at heart if you gave it to your pretty neighbor for her favorite mission in Japan. But if you have but one dollar in your pocket pay it to Byles.

There are other debts, too, that it would be wise to pay on this first day of the year. The folk who have helped us on the way, who are not to be reached with money, do we owe them nothing? The man behind your chair who is making a hard fight to be decent and honest, to make a man of his boy, do you owe him no help? Nothing but the tips at dinner?

You think every day that your wife is the kindest of women, the nearest right of any human soul. Do you tell her so?

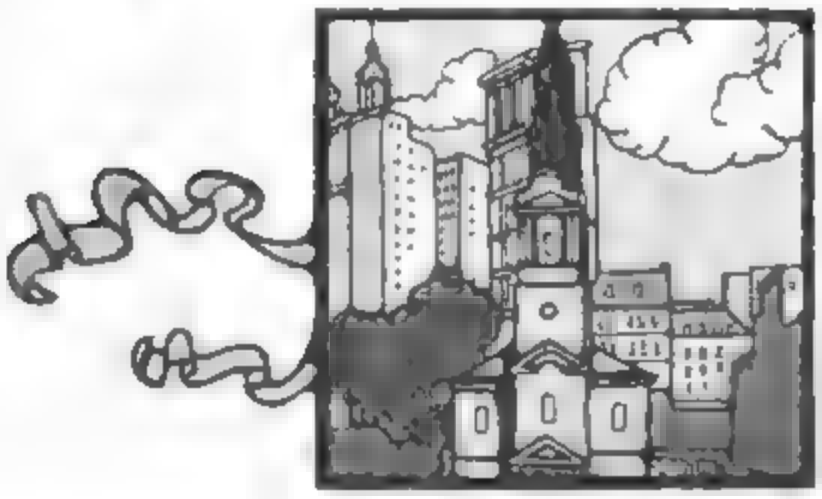
There is a pitiful story of an old woman in New England dying in the arms of her son, himself a gray-haired man.

"You've been a good mother to me!" he cried.

She turned and looked at him. "Oh, John, why did you never say it before?" she said

Our Puritan and Scotch blood has made us stingy of praise and kindness, of the little words that help our neighbor on his way. This is a good time to count up such debts

Men and Women of the Hour



SPEAKER CANNON'S fight against the Senate reminds old Washingtonians that Speaker Reed had the same ideas about the upper house.

Conger, of Michigan, who had been a powerful man in the House of Representatives, was elected to the Senate and disappeared. A friend of Reed was talking about it to Reed one day.

"Curious how little Conger amounts to in the Senate," he said.

"Oh, well," Reed replied, "a man who takes up his abode in a cemetery shouldn't complain if the gravestones do not proclaim his virtues to the world."

On Good Authority

NO MAN in Congress has a more copious vocabulary than Representative William Sulzer, who recently spoke of a landscape scene in Cuba as an 'indescribable mental melody.'

They were discussing Sulzer in the Democratic cloakroom. "He certainly has the gift of language," said a member.

"Language?" remarked Representative "Tim" Sullivan, of New York. "Why, I have it on good authority that he wrote the libretto for Webster's dictionary."

The Only Way

AT A CABINET meeting shortly after the birth of the Republic of Panama, the Cabinet members were chaffing Secretary Hay about the revolution and the alleged part his country had in it in order to secure the canal concession.

"I used to hear a story," said Secretary Hay, "about 'Uncle Dick' Oglesby, who inspected Joliet State Prison, once when he was Governor.

"He came to a cell in which a hideously ugly man was confined. The man was so ill favored that the Governor stopped to ask about him.

"'What's he in for?' he asked.

"'He forced a young woman to elope with him at the point of a pistol,' the keeper replied.

"'Well,' said Oglesby, 'I guess I'll pardon him.'

"'Pardon him!' protested the warden, 'why, Governor, the proof against him is absolute.'

"'I know,' said the Governor, 'but he couldn't get her to marry him in any other way.'"

The Giants of the House

THERE are two giants in the House of Representatives. Sulloway, of New Hampshire, is one and James, of Kentucky, is the other.

Sulloway is nearly seven feet tall and broad as a barndoor and James is considerably over six feet and weighs three hundred pounds. They were talking about the little men in the House at luncheon a day or two ago.

Tiny Representative Hardwick, of Georgia, flitted by. "Look at Hardwick," said Sulloway. "By George! you could drown him in a fountain pen."

The Force of Habit

REPRESENTATIVE FOSTER, of Vermont, has a fund of stories about the days when the Green Mountain State was a prohibition stronghold. A few years ago there was an old farmer, who lived a few miles out of Bennington, who was perfectly well, so far as his family could see, but who insisted he should have a doctor.

The doctor came and examined the old man thoroughly. Then he said: "There is nothing the matter with you physically that I can find, but as you are getting old it might not be a bad idea for you to take a tonic of some kind regularly. Suppose you drink a little good whisky each day."

"Doctor," the farmer replied, "I couldn't do that. I have a son who lives with me and I wouldn't have him see me taking whisky for another farm as big as mine."

"Well," said the doctor, "he needn't know it. Suppose you take a drink when you shave yourself each morning."

The farmer agreed. A week later the son came in hot haste to the doctor's office. "I want you to come out and see father!" he said.

"What's the matter?" asked the doctor. "Is he sick?"

"No, I don't think he's sick," the son replied, "but he's losing his mind. He shaves himself half a dozen times a day."

The Sentence of the Court

FORMER Senator Mason, of Illinois, was waiting for a train in one of the villages near Chicago. To pass the time away he went into the office of the local justice of the peace. The justice was an old fellow, good-natured and with little knowledge of the law.

A young man was brought in charged with disturbing a religious meeting. Evidence was presented to show that he did disturb the meeting. After the evidence was in the young man told the justice he was very sorry, that he would never do it again and begged to be let off.

The justice of the peace wiped his spectacles and cleared his throat. "Boy," he said, "I know your father and your mother. They have been my lifelong friends. I have known you since you were a baby, but—but——" The old man broke down and cried. When he had recovered himself he continued: "But justice is blind. I sentence you to two years in the penitentiary."

Senator Mason then arose and said he had no interest in the case, but he did not want the court to make an error. He told the justice he had no jurisdiction, that he could not impose such a sentence.

"No jurisdiction?" asked the old man between sobs.

Mason explained what he meant. "Well," said the old justice, smiling broadly, "I'm glad I haven't. Johnny, you can go. Skedaddle!"

Oh, Pshaw!

THIS story was told at a Cabinet meeting. It bears that seal of authority, but, as the Cabinet sometimes gives itself to persiflage, there's no affidavit obtainable.

Secretary Shaw, so the tale ran as the President and his advisers heard it, went to see another member of the Cabinet who has a son of a humorous turn of mind.

The son answered the ring at the doorbell. He pretended not to recognise the Secretary of the Treasury.

"I want to see your father," said Mr. Shaw.

"He's engaged," the son replied.

"I know," said Mr. Shaw, "but I want to see him."

"Who are you?"

The Secretary was a bit nettled at the seeming crass ignorance of the boy and replied tartly: "I am Mr. Shaw, sir. Shaw! Shaw!"

"Do you spell it with a 'P'?" asked the boy.

A Striking Likeness

REPRESENTATIVE FRED LANDIS, of Indiana, the former newspaper correspondent who won fame by saying he came to Congress because he was out of a job and there was nothing else to do, is very thin.

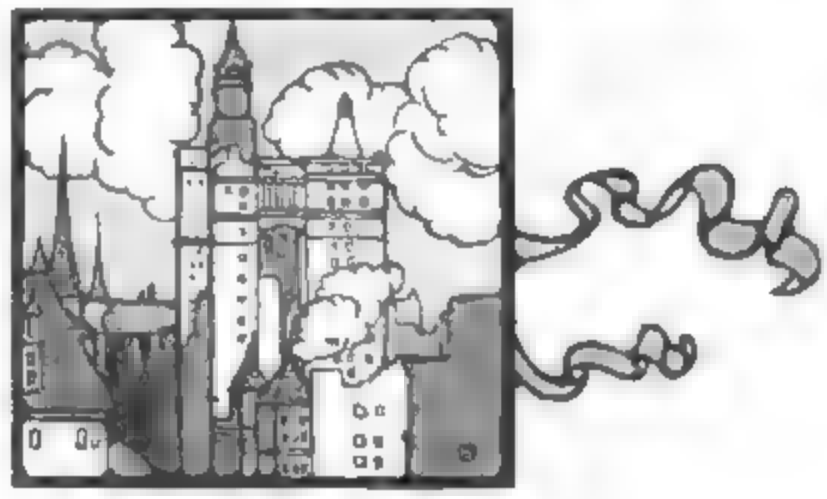
He was in a Pennsylvania Avenue car, the other day, when a burly citizen got on the car as it rounded a curve, lurched forward and sat down in Landis' lap.

He arose with profuse apologies. "Oh," said Landis, "that's all right." Then he felt of himself to see if any bones were broken and asked plaintively: "But, tell me, did you think I was painted on the seat?"

An Eye for Justice

REPRESENTATIVE DOUGHERTY, of Missouri, has a sheriff in one of the counties of his district named "Jack" Steele, who is somewhat of a joker.

At a recent session of court Steele summoned a panel of jurors and picked out the fattest men he could get.



After the first case they were hearing was well under way Steele took the jury to a local hotel and fed them liberally on cabbage, buttermilk and other sleep-inducing viands. The result was that every juror went to sleep that afternoon, and most of them snored to the great discomfort of the judge.

"Mr. Sheriff," the judge said, after the jury had been awakened, "I will not submit to such outrages as this. Next time you summon a jury I want you to pick out men not for their girth, but with a single eye to justice."

Steele obeyed. Every man on the next panel was one-eyed.

The Soul of Wit

SENATOR HANNA has an envelope addressed to him that he thinks equals the famous one Secretary Elihu Root received.

Secretary Root's read: "Hon. Li Hu Root." Senator Hanna's was inscribed: "Sen. Hannah, Wash."

Sacrilege!

THE Iowa Congressional delegation was holding a meeting in Senator Allison's committee-room trying to decide on a man for a Federal judgeship in their State on the day Carrie Nation roamed into the public gallery in the Senate and told that august body what she thought of it.

Senator Dolliver came to attend the meeting. "Quite a lot of excitement up in the Senate just now," he said.

"What was it?" inquired Allison.

"Carrie Nation got in and made a row. They arrested her and took her to the police station."

"Ah," said Senator Allison, "I suppose she is charged with disturbing the peace."

"No," broke in Representative Birdsall, a new member and without the awe of the Senate in his heart, "for disturbing the dead."

Poor, Suffering Cuba

DURING a brief lull in the proceedings of the House of Representatives, the other day, Speaker Cannon talked to Asher Hinds, his parliamentary expert, about Cuba.

"I went down there with Speaker Reed," said Hinds. "Reed always was opposed to the Cuban business in all its branches. Reed drove around the city and one night went to see Jai Alai played, that game on which the Cubans gamble endlessly.

"He walked into the fronton, was shown his seat and looked around with much interest. At one end of the court there was an immense blackboard on which the bets were recorded. Reed inquired all about the game and had its gambling features explained to him.

"'How much has been staked so far?' he asked.

"The guide looked at the board and said that $9000 worth of mutual tickets had already been bought.

"'Nine thousand dollars,' Reed said reflectively. Then, with much pathos, he added, 'Poor, suffering Cuba!'"

A Debatable Foundation

POLITICIANS generally recognise the fact that at certain of the State capitals delegates with thrift and without conscience can get much money from men who have measures pending.

A man who lived in Illinois had been to the legislature for several terms. Then he retired and built himself a fine house.

"Beautiful place you have there," remarked a visitor.

"Pretty fair," said the former legislator.

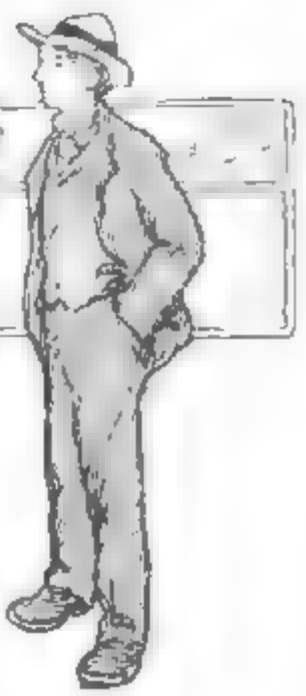
"How did you get it?"

"Well," said the former legislator frankly, "I don't mind telling you that there's a power of ayes and nays in that house."

The Lady Noggs, Peeress

By EDGAR JEPSON

The Lady Noggs is Benevolent



THE Lady Noggs was [illegible] mentally but figura[illegible] but it is the [illegible] to climb up an ancient tree but quite another to [illegible] when [illegible] she was stuck. She had worked round the tree [illegible] but [illegible] had she found a way of compassing the next eight feet of the descent without the practical certainty of tumbling the next thirty to the ground. Now she was sitting crouched in a fork summing up the salient points of an unpleasant situation.

With bee-scratched face, tousled hair, torn frock and stocking, and one shoeless foot she bore but little of her not infrequent resemblance to a child after Sir Joshua Reynolds, but was very much more like one of the little girls who dance to the heart-rending strains of a barrel organ in the purlieus of Soho. In fact she differed from such a one only in the gloominess of her expression. It was not unnatural, for she faced the far from alluring prospect of spending a cheerless and airy night on her perch. She was in a lonely copse on the heath beyond the park. There was little likelihood of any one coming that way; the search for her would hardly begin before her bedtime, since her many truancies had accustomed the servants to look on answer for her return. It would not become vigorous for an hour after that, and the searchers would scarcely spread so far out from the castle before the morrow. She was helpless, and after a vindictive glance at the magpie's nest, which had lured her up the tree, she settled down to a gloomy musing.

She had mused for some twenty minutes when she roused herself to look out with a search-ing but hopeless glance across the country. It was empty; but to her extreme surprise her returning eyes fell on a man standing in the copse itself not thirty yards from her. He must have slipped into it from the gorse on the heath and unobtrusively. She was so surprised that she did not at once call out, and had time to gather that he was engaged in the time-honored business of poaching. At least he dived into a rush, pulled a rabbit out of it, deftly slipped it into his pocket.

"Hi!" cried the Lady Noggs.

The man stooped and stared round with a scared face, and the Lady Noggs recognizing William Cotterill, a young laborer who had betrayed the promise of his boyhood by earning for himself as a married man the reputation of a no-good-for-well-or-ill.

"Don't stand there stupid! Come and help me out of this tree!"

William Cotterill located the voice and drew a step gingerly out from his cover to get a better view of the tree. He stared up, and at last distinguished the face of the Lady Noggs. "Who's that me?" he said. "Be you, miss?" (or words to that effect).

"Don't stand talking there! Come and help me down," cried the Lady Noggs, wildly impatient at the prospect of descending.

William Cotterill also got into the tree, and from the noise he made seemed to be breaking himself awkwardly and with very great haste. At last his round, startled, staring face appeared at the bottom of the copse-to-table eight feet, and the Lady Noggs cried, "Stop there! Don't climb any farther or you'll get stuck too! This is the bit I can't get down."

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"Lor' bless yer your Ladyship 'eaps Why I only 'ad two rabbits 'last week and three the week afore that

"Well," said the Lady Noggs thoughtfully, "I'll give you a rabbit a day—that is, all but Sundays. It's wrong to catch rabbits on Sundays."

"Thank you, your Ladyship," said William doubtfully.

The Lady Noggs was too quick not to notice the doubt in his tone, and she said, "If I can't manage it I'll let you know."

"Thank you, your Ladyship," said William more cheerfully. Six rabbits a week would pay the rent as well as make broth for Liza.

At the crossroads they bade one another good-night, she took the way to the castle, he to the village.

The Lady Noggs went thoughtfully, and now and again she scribbled. She could see her way, at any rate, to annoy the grumpy and inimical Morton. When she reached the castle a brief consideration of her disordered appearance assured her that the moment she came under the eye of her governess she would be sent supperless to bed. Therefore she slipped in at the side-entrance, gained the kitchen, beguiled an omelette and three kinds of indigestible sweets from the cooks, and sat on the kitchen table to eat them. Thus fortified she confronted Miss Cattermole, who sent her to bed at sight.

The next day the Lady Noggs by no means associated her uncle, the Prime Minister, at breakfast, when he had the leisure to discuss matters at length. She waited till after lunch, and rushed into the library just as that unfortunate statesman, having dealt with affairs of state till the afternoon post should come in, had settled down to the perusal of one of the obscure but German philosophers he loved. He greeted her entry with a sigh for the Fates alone could determine how much of his scanty leisure she would waste.

The Lady Noggs flitted about the room looking like a charming and gorgeous butterfly for to Miss Cattermole's extreme surprise she had for once delayed getting into a Holland frock, and while she flitted she discoursed amiably of trifles, till she had heard her uncle sigh twice more. Then she said briskly, "Uncle, I want some rabbits—six rabbits a week."

"Six rabbits a week. Three hundred and twelve rabbits a year. Wherever will you keep them?" cried the Prime Minister.

"Oh, I don't want those silly, tame, lumpy ones," said the Lady Noggs. "I want wild rabbits—rabbits to eat."

"But you are never going to eat a rabbit a day," cried the Prime Minister, and the perplexity deepened on his face.

"No, I don't want them for myself—I want them for a poor family. You might let me have them, there are hundreds in the park."

The Prime Minister was delighted at this sudden development of the instinct of benevolence in his niece, but painful experience of her many-sided mind had made him a trifle distrustful, and he said, "What poor family?"

"That's a secret," said the Lady Noggs firmly, "but do give them to me. If I change quick I've time for a ride before tea."

The face of the Prime Minister shone with a sudden extreme brightness. "Certainly, certainly," he said quickly, "you can have them," and he turned joyfully to his book.

"I should like them in writing," said the Lady Noggs.

"Rabbits in writing?" said the Prime Minister in a fresh bewilderment.

"Yes, you might be away, and Morton might make a fuss about it and say they were mine. He's so disagreeable."

"Oh, I understand," said the Prime Minister, "you want me to make them over to you by a written document." And greedily for another case of German thaumaturgy he wrote hastily:

> Lady Felicia has my permission to have six rabbits a week. Pax, No. IX.

He signed at the dotted line he gave it to the Lady Noggs, who curtsied, but felt quite differently. Then she blew him a kiss and went.

Apparently she changed her mind about going for a ride for she sat up to her ears in pen and a picture hat and went out into the woods. Later she contrived to encounter Morton on his rounds. He passed her grumpily without a sign. But she stopped and said sweetly: "Morton, you forgot to touch your hat."

Morton mumbled something in his throat and lifted a hand at his hat with a spasmodic jerk that knocked it on to the back of his head.

"You should never forget little things, Morton," said the Lady Noggs, with a happy remembrance of the teaching of Miss Cattermole; and she added even more sweetly, "And oh, I wish William Cotteril to have six rabbits a week. If you see him catching them you needn't interfere with him." Morton could only grunt.

"I thought I'd better tell you," said the Lady Noggs.

"I knows my duty, and I does it," said Morton stormily, and passed on.

Later in the day the Lady Noggs went down to the village and informed William Cotteril that she had arranged for him to have the rabbits. On the Saturday afternoon she went down to his cottage and gave his wife a half crown out of her weekly twelve shillings pocket money, which even in that sparsely inhabited country district she contrived a ways to spend before the next Tuesday afternoon. That week, therefore, she was very short of money, but it was made up to her by the satisfying glow of hope that warmed her whenever she saw the unsuspecting Morton.

For some days nothing happened; then on a red-letter day when she had behaved so well and torn her frock so little that she was actually eating her supper in the nursery a maid came to tell her that Mrs. Cotteril wanted to speak to her and was waiting in the servants' hall. The Lady Noggs made haste to finish her supper and hurried downstairs. In the servants' hall she found Mrs. Cotteril, a thin wan young woman, sitting with her baby in her arms, and crying softly.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Cotteril," said the Lady Noggs. "What's the matter?"

"Good-evening, your Ladyship. Please, your Ladyship, John Tolbrook the constable and Morton have taken William off to the lockup at Warlesdean for catching a rabbit, and he told me to come to you at once and tell you and maybe you could help him," said Mrs. Cotteril, and she showed no hopefulness at all.

"Didn't he tell them that I had given him leave to have six rabbits a week?" said the Lady Noggs.

"Yes, he did, your Ladyship, and they laughed."

"They laughed, did they?" said the Lady Noggs sharply; and her nostrils dilated. "Didn't they say anything about coming to me to ask me if it was true?"

"No, your Ladyship," said Mrs. Cotteril in a more hopeless tone than ever. "And he'll be had up before the Bench to-morrow at ten, and they'll send him to prison. Then we shall have to go to the workhouse and lose the cottage, and leave the village. It'll break William's heart. I know it will." And she began to sob bitterly.

The Lady Noggs was taken aback. She had looked to Morton's coming to her to ask if William's story was true, and then she would have descended on him by producing her uncle's letter. This was a very different situation.

However, she patted Mrs. Cotteril on the arm and said bravely: "Don't cry. I'll see that he doesn't go to prison."

Mrs. Cotteril shook her head. "They won't pay no heed to your Ladyship. You're so young," she sobbed.

"Oh yes, they will," said the Lady Noggs. "The magistrates know me quite well, and that makes such a difference."

She went on with her encouragement, and her confidence was so catching that after a while she had Mrs. Cotteril comforted somewhat, and eating supper sent from the kitchen. But only when the poor woman had gone and she herself was in bed did the mind of the Lady Noggs grapple darkly with the difficulty. She puzzled and puzzled over it, striving to find a way of getting William and herself "and was awake for nearly an hour before she formed her plan.

She came quickly out of the breakfast room the next morning and said to the footman burnishing the armor in the hall: "Will you please tell Sykes to put Thomas in the dog-cart as quickly as he can, Simons. And he needn't bring him round. He's to go on to Warlesdean."

Thinking that she brought instructions struck from her uncle, Simons made haste to pass them on as coming from him, and when ten minutes later the Lady Noggs climbed into her dog-cart and took the ground drive quickly to Warlesdean he took it that she had gone long.

It was a quarter past ten before they drew up before the offices of the Urban District Council of the sleepy little town where the magistrates were sitting, but the Lady Noggs, once she descended, was very different from the girl who had driven out. She entered the room with the calm, deliberate air of one born to rule men. William Cotteril stood

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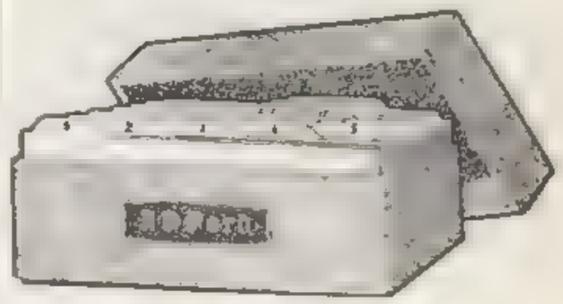

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between two policemen, and she gave him a nod and a smile that brightened a little his gloomy face. Confident in the justice of her cause, the sight of her enemy Bulstrode, of Bulstrode, sitting at the magistrate's table did not dismay her. Moreover, her great friend Sir Hildebrand Wyse was sitting by his side. She smiled a greeting at the latter, and he rose, came to her, shook hands, and set a chair for her beside him

As she sat down Major-General Bulstrode growled that the court was no place for children. The Lady Noggs smiled at him half graciously, half defiantly, and Sir Hildebrand said carelessly, "Oh, there's no bad case on the list to-day. Besides, if Noggs has made up her mind to hear our proceedings she would probably manage it somehow: she'd climb up and look in through the ventilator."

Major-General Bulstrode growled something about what would happen if she was a child of his, and sharply bade Morton get on with his evidence, which her coming had interrupted.

Morton, whom many poaching cases had made an excellent witness, told in an entirely convincing style the story of his watching William Cotteril snare and carry off a rabbit.

"Monstrous! Monstrous!" cried Major-General Bulstrode, the bright, warm, even red of his complexion deepening with all a game-preserver's fury. "What have you to say for yourself, prisoner? Monstrous! Monstrous

"Her little Ladyship there give me the rabbits," said William Cotteril with the sullen air of a poor man exceedingly doubtful of getting justice from the Great Unpaid.

"Little Lady Grandison! Gave you the rabbits? What do you mean? What cock-and-bull story is this?" cried Major-General Bulstrode

"She give me the rabbits. Six rabbits a week she said I might 'ave," said William Cotteril stubbornly.

"It's quite right. I gave them to him," said the Lady Noggs in her clear voice.

"But how could Lady Grandison give you the rabbits? They are Lord Errington's rabbits. It's nonsense—nonsense," roared Major-General Bulstrode, ignoring the Lady Noggs

"She give them to me," said William Cotteril with a touch of despair in his stubbornness

"Do you know anything of this, Mr McNaghten?" said Major-General Bulstrode to the agent who sat in a corner watching the case. "Has little Lady Grandison any authority to dispose of Lord Errington's rabbits?"

"None that I am aware of," said Mr. McNaghten. "And she would hardly have been invested with such authority without my being informed of it."

"I thought not! I thought not! A cock-and-bull story! It only makes your offense worse, prisoner—an impudent plea!"

"They were my rabbits to do as I liked with!" broke in the Lady Noggs fiercely "Uncle gave them to me!" And she gave a somewhat dirty and crumpled sheet of paper to Sir Hildebrand Wyse.

"I think her Ladyship is making a mistake," said Mr. McNaghten suavely.

"Of course, of course. People don't give little girls rabbits—wild rabbits," said Major-General Bulstrode. "And you knew it, prisoner. You knew it as well as I. It aggravates your offense; and I shall make an example of——"

"Hold on, Bulstrode! Hold on!" said Sir Hildebrand Wyse in a low, sharp voice. "Lady Nogg—Grandison is quite right: the rabbits are hers. Look at this."

Major-General Bulstrode took the document and read it slowly. The wrath of the game-preserver balked of his poaching prey swelled his heart, he looked round the room for some one to vent it on; and his eye fell on the luckless Morton who was smirking at having at last ruined his rival

"I wish," said the purple Bulstrode thickly, "that you Stonorill people would show a spark of ordinary intelligence in the management of your affairs. What do you mean, keeper"—his voice rose to a sudden terrifying bellow—"by wasting the time of the Bench by a trumpery charge like this? Here is a letter from Lord Errington himself giving Lady Grandison the rabbits."

"I—I didn't know nothing about it," stammered Morton.

"You didn't know, you thick-headed lout of a fool!" bellowed the purple Bulstrode "You ought to have known, you confounded numskull! It's your business to know, blockhead! The prisoner is discharged! The next case."

William Cotteril shuffled out of the court with a somewhat dazed air; Morton slunk out; their friends trooped after them. The Lady Noggs lingered to tell Sir Hildebrand Wyse how that this was the upshot of William's marrying Morton's sweetheart

She came out of the building between two groups. On the right hand was a group of Stonorill villagers who had cheerfully walked seven miles to see William sent to prison and were now congratulating him in the half-hearted manner of the disappointed. On the left a group of far more joyful persons was repeating to Morton, in case it should not have impressed itself thoroughly on his mind, the tribute of the purple Bulstrode to his intelligence. As the Lady Noggs came out she heard him say, "To think that that dratted brat should have made a fool o' me afore the Bench like that!"

The words "dratted brat" stuck in the Lady Noggs' mind, but she received the thanks of William Cotteril with a pretty graciousness, and told him to climb up on to the back seat of the dogcart, that he himself might as quickly as possible bring home to his wife the news of his deliverance.

Then she climbed into the dogcart, and said in a clear, dispassionate voice heard of every one, "Morton—I didn't make a fool of you. Nobody could. You grew so."

The Lady Noggs had the last word

LESTER WALLACK

The Actor and the Man

By A. M. PALMER

LIKE the Booths and Jeffersons, the Wallack family was one distinguished in stage history, and though originally English, in later years it came to be associated with America. The father of Lester Wallack, James William Wallack, who was a contemporary and a friend of Macready, was a remarkably handsome man and an excellent actor. As far back as 1837 he was manager of the National Theatre, and in 1861 he built "Wallack's Theatre," at the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth Street. He died in 1864, leaving his eldest son, John Johnstone Wallack, commonly known as Lester Wallack, to carry on his work and his name

From his father Lester Wallack got his shrewdness, his histrionic ability, his fine physique and physical beauty. From his mother, the daughter of John Johnstone, the celebrated Irish comedian, he got a warm heart, a generous, impulsive nature, and his sense of humor. From his mother, too, Wallack got his moral strength, which showed afterward in the dignity of his life and his work

How He Came to the Theatre

It was the intention of his parents that he should, on completing his education, go into the army, but before making that step he determined to see something of the life that had so fascinated his ancestors and given them their fame. Wallack was born in New York City in 1834, but his education was acquired in England, and it was there that he made his début as a professional actor He accompanied his father, first as companion, and then as a not very important member of his company. His first appearance, made when he was still in his teens, showed so much merit that before the tour was finished he played Macduff to his father's Macbeth, and Richmond to the elder Wallack's Richard III

The success that Lester had on this tour would have settled the question for any ordinary young man. But not so with young Wallack. He was too heavily weighted with his mother's conscientiousness, and when after long deliberation, he decided that he would undertake the stage as a profession, he made up his mind that what success he might have should be built solely upon his own merits, and not upon consideration shown to him because of the distinguished family he came from and the influential father that he had. Accordingly he made his appearance with Charles Kemble—as "I. W. Lester"—playing the second part in the piece. His first engagements were successful from the artistic point of view, but in those days a pound a week was considered pretty good pay for a young actor. Wallack believed that unless he lived by his chosen profession alone he should not bring to it all his endeavors, and he therefore determined to live on that pound a week.

"The consequence," he said, "was that my poor mother often cried in those early days because I would not let her send me a five-pound note now and then to add to my small income."

In later years Wallack's polished manners and general culture gave many people the impression that he had been bred in the lap of luxury, and that he knew nothing of the hardships of the actor's life. He did know them, however, and what was more, he faced them bravely, and stuck to his profession in spite of them, when he might easily have retired and taken up something to which less privation was attached

One experience he was particularly fond of referring to. A week's engagement was played in two towns, the company traveling after the performance to the town where it was to appear, arriving the next morning, and then back again that night to the first town, back again the next night, and so on. The traveling, too, was done in a stage coach, lit by a single lantern, by which the actors were obliged to study their new parts, and what is more, those parts had to be copied out by the members themselves

His first appearance in America was made at the Broadway Theatre in 1847. The next year he joined his father's company, then at Brougham's Lyceum, becoming stage manager. It was not until the second Wallack's Theatre was built, in 1861, at the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth Street that his right name appeared on the play bills

For twenty years he acted under an assumed name, and honorable as was the resolution that led him to make that step, more honorable, and even more remarkable, was his steadfastness in sticking to it until his own merits had won him a high place among stage favorites.

His Début in New York

It was with Wallack's Theatre, at the corner of Thirteenth Street and Broadway, in 1861, that Lester Wallack began the work that made him, next to Booth, perhaps the best known actor on the American stage. He surrounded himself with a stock company that, as Laurence Hutton has said, was the best on the American if not on the English-speaking stage. For many years he was the central figure in the splendid productions at this theatre, not merely because of his authority as manager, but because of his splendid acting and the finish and intelligence with which he played the smallest part. It would be difficult to say in which plays he was best, his range was so wide, extending from Shakespearean to light comedy rôles But as Hugh Chalcotte in Ours, as Charles Surface, and as the heroes of the plays written by himself he was undoubtedly most popular. His Claude Melnotte was, in his early days, a great favorite with the public, and he is said to have appeared in the Lady of Lyons a greater number of successive nights than any actor but Macready.

In this particular rôle Mrs. Sherwood says Wallack "filled the town with sighs" and that the young ladies would make their lovers go to see Wallack and study him, and that for a while the sentimental youths just wallowed in "sweet orange groves," "marble palaces," and the like

Wallack's beauty was indeed of a rare kind He was tall, exquisitely proportioned, very graceful, had piercing sharp eyes and plenty of jet black hair. He was in a

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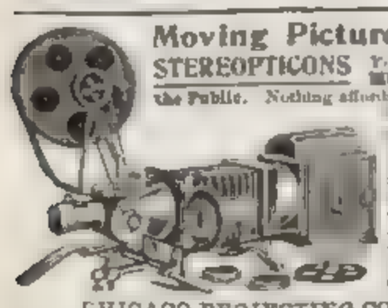
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strong, fine sense a beautiful *man*, but his physical beauty never had those mental weaknesses that often go with it

Burton, the great comedian, was an ardent admirer of Wallack when the latter as a young man was playing under him, and thought that he had the making of a great actor

"He has the talent of his family," and then Burton would shake his head sadly, "but he is going to be ruined by his beauty."

"But Wallack isn't vain," interposed some friend

"No," replied the actor, "but the women are wild about him and he may come to think that is enough."

Burton then didn't know the sterling material that Wallack was made of, but shortly after his mournful prediction he went into ecstasies of delight over the way Wallack put on a blond wig and played Slender in the Merry Wives of Windsor—not a part for a beautiful man, and one probably assigned to Wallack by the comedian as a test. Wallack took the part with the same zest and spirit that he did the rôles in which he was a universal favorite

As a manager I don't think any one ever had to complain of Wallack's treatment of those under him. He was generous to a fault and never other than courteous and considerate. He was very proud of his stock company and spared no money to keep it up to a high standard, but he would not let the theatre become a star theatre

An instance of his generosity as well as of his adherence to this principle is his treatment of Charles J. Mathews. The English actor was anxious to play in Wallack's Theatre, but Wallack told him of his resolution not to make it a star theatre. Mathews then offered to join the stock company, a great compliment to Wallack. A contract was signed for $500 a week, but as Wallack's own play, The Veteran, was then drawing large houses he did not get an opportunity to appear for some time. After drawing his salary for a number of weeks he went to Wallack and said: "This is all wrong. I am taking your money and doing nothing."

With his characteristic good spirit Wallack replied, "Take it, my dear Charles, and do nothing, and thank Heaven you are so well off"

One of the charms of Wallack's acting was its perfect naturalness and spontaneity. And then again there was a certain charming coolness; nothing seemed to fease him, and somehow or another you never seemed to feel that his coolness was an assumption.

As an instance of his presence of mind when accidents seemed about to disrupt the performance, I shall tell of something that I did not see myself but which I have heard of. He was playing in a drama called Home and had been ordered from the house by his father. He began his lines, which expressed disgust at this unpaternal treatment, when a number of people in the audience shouted in a very much excited manner:

'Look behind you, look behind you!"

For a moment Wallack seemed puzzled, stopped in his lines, and then turned and saw that on the stage mantelpiece a candle had burned down almost to the socket and that the paper that was wrapped around it was beginning to take fire. About this mantelpiece there was nothing but the thinnest kind of pasteboard and the danger of conflagration was imminent to the audience. Wallack paused for a moment and then, as though there was nothing else to do, quietly and calmly drew the candlestick slowly away from the burning paper, crushed out the fire with his hand, and, repeating the lines of his part, held the candle while the burning wax dropped on his hand. Then when the fire was all out and his regular lines finished, he added in a quiet, calm voice, although the high-strung, emotional quality of the people added emphasis for him

"Well, the governor has turned me out of his house, for which I am exceedingly sorry, but I at least have the satisfaction of knowing that I have been instrumental in saving the establishment from destruction by fire."

Some twelve years ago, when I took charge of Wallack's Theatre and changed the name, there was some adverse comment in the daily press on what was considered my lack of generosity toward the former owner and manager. Neither Mr. Wallack nor myself made any reply to these criticisms at the time, but in writing now of Lester Wallack, the manner in which that change of name was brought about will serve to show a most strong trait in the man's nature. Shortly after he had retired entirely from the theatre and it had passed into my hands I visited him in his home in Stamford, a not infrequent occurrence, as we were near neighbors. After some little conversation he said

"Palmer, there is no one I would rather see in the theatre than you. But I will suggest that you change the name

I asked him why, and he replied.

"Well, in the first place, I think that inasmuch as the Wallacks are not represented in it the place should not go under their name. And again, it is your theatre, and you have been long enough before the public and have worked hard enough to have a theatre named after you"

And that was the suggestion that led to the naming of Palmer's Theatre

Wallack died loved and admired by the entire profession that knew him, revered, respected, and almost idolized by the English-speaking public.

The Politic Art of Puff

THE recent announcement in the daily papers that a certain author was on the brink of matrimony, and his hurt protest that he wasn't, revealed the fact that the original statement was sent out as a sort of a general alarm to the press by the author's own publishers. The matter is closed with a semi-public explanation by the publishers that they had got the man of the pen mixed up with another of their writers who really does contemplate changing his condition, the strictly private remark being added that the good has been done, anyhow—the incident will help sales. All of which somehow remotely suggests the story of the foreman of the afternoon paper who approached the editor and said:

"A space remains on the last page, sir."

"Very well," quoth the editor, 'carry off a child by an eagle in Michigan.'

'I have already done that, but a space still remains"

"Deny it, then."

Must the successful modern author keep a press agent, in the manner of the aspiring theatrical celebrity? Perhaps some of him does so even now. Proof is probably lacking but—there is Hall Caine. In effect most authors have at least a share in a press agent in the person of the man kept by progressive publishers to prepare material for the press about all of the writers on their lists. The more of this that he can insinuate into the newspapers the better his standing with his employer. Sometimes the matter he disseminates is called "authors' cackle"; euphonious, but a shade disrespectful. The man is sometimes called the "newspaper feeder"; in one publishing house he is called privately the "editor buster," since he is poetically supposed to "bust" editors as a cowboy does broncos, making them tractable to the bit of the small paragraph and submissive to the saddle of the long anecdote—each freighted with advertising.

It would be interesting to know how often it happens that authors are annoyed by things constantly repeated about them in the public prints and by people they meet. It is known that Mark Twain long ago wearied of hearing of his "drawl," especially as it is no drawl at all, but simply a habit of slow speaking. He once said to Brander Matthews: "There is no getting away from it. I suppose on my tombstone, after recounting my virtues—lines crowded, on a large stone—that it'll close with this: 'P. S. He spoke with a drawl.'"

John Kendrick Bangs is a man who has looked into this matter of publicity for an author somewhat, and he once explained to a group at the Players that he was going to have a pair of galoshes made to order, with raised letters on the soles, so that when he walked downtown of a snowy morning he would print with every step, for the benefit of the reading man who runs, this legend: "I am Bangs, I am Bangs." At this Augustus Thomas ventured the opinion that a man already advertised every time two guns went off did not need to do this. In the solemn hush that naturally followed this sally a waiter was heard to guffaw in the corner of the room. (Waiter subsequently disciplined by the house committee.)

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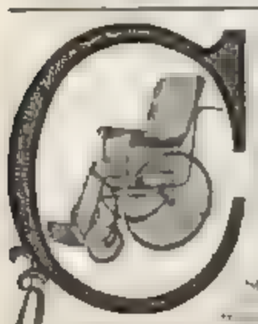

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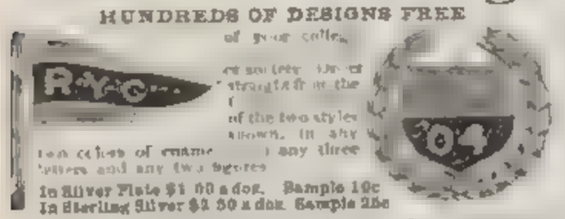

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Their Ways and Their Work

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¶ Tudor Jenks, the author of many bits of humorous verse and prose, and of several successful children's books, has always had hard work on first meeting people to get them to accept his name as his own. They have insisted on regarding it as a clever pseudonym. Latterly the matter has grown worse, and he has experienced difficulty in establishing its right to a place in articulate speech.

One day, in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Mr. Jenks was an involuntary witness of a fight between two cab drivers. The men were promptly arrested and Mr. Jenks was haled away to court with them to tell what he had seen. The police judge was elderly, gruff and short-tempered. Mr. Jenks took the stand.

"What is your name?" asked the lawyer.

"Tudor Jenks."

"Once more, please."

"Tudor Jenks."

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"Witness will stop making a funny noise and give his name!"

THE O'RUDDY — An unfinished novel by the late Stephen Crane, brought to a close by Robert Barr.

¶ There is a passage in Stevenson's letters on the perplexities of collaboration. It was written when he was busy with Lloyd Osbourne on one of the tales they did together; and, in view of the unhappy treatment the unfinished St. Ives received at the hands of Mr. Quiller-Couch, it reads like a prophecy. For if, with both authors in close touch, the difficulties of the task proved almost insuperable, how could they remain otherwise than frankly impossible when the master spirit was silent? To finish a work left uncompleted by death is a thankless and ill advised task. There can be no addition to the dead man's fame and there is likely to be a serious detraction from that of the living one. Even the necessities of the author's estate ought to be silent before the more permanent claims of his name.

When Stephen Crane died he left the manuscript of an unfinished novel of adventure, The O'Ruddy *(Frederick A. Stokes Company)*. Robert Barr has completed it. Beyond doubt Mr. Barr was quite as well aware of the dangers of his task as are any of his critics. He has fronted them as bravely as could be expected and there is nothing more to say. He must have had his reasons.

The line of cleavage between the two parts of the book is sharp. For that part which is to be attributed to Stephen Crane there is little of the distinctive quality that stamped his earlier work. It is a promising adventure in a new manner. What might have come of it no man may tell, for Mr. Barr cannot in the nature of the case, answer the question.

A NATION IN THE MAKING — Two books that show the growth of America and the American.

¶ Two books of widely different aims and methods, both treating much the same subject, are Geographical Influences in American History, by Albert Perry Brigham, Professor of Geology in Colgate University *(Ginn and Company)*, and The Way to the West, by Emerson Hough *(The Bobbs-Merrill Company)*. "In the chapters which follow," says Professor Brigham, "an attempt has been made to combine the materials of American History and Geography. One must invent a method as *he (sic)* can, for models in this field can scarcely be said to exist. . . . Both the physiographer and the historian may often regret omissions or brevity of treatment, but such limitations are imperative when a vast and twofold theme is undertaken in a small volume."

"I shall ask my reader," says Mr. Hough, "to consider the movements of the American population as grouped under four great epochs. There was a time when the westbound men were crossing the Alleghanies; a time when they crossed the Mississippi; a time when they crossed the Rocky Mountains. Now they cross the Pacific Ocean. Roughly coincident with these great epochs we may consider, first, the period of downstream transportation; second, of upstream transportation; and lastly, of transportation not parallel to the great watercourses, but directly across them on their way to the West"—a simple and admirable method. Following this steady movement westward, always westward, are chapters on The American Ax, The American Rifle, The American Boat, The American Horse, and three biographies of typical pioneers—Dan'l Boone, Davy Crockett and Kit Carson. It is impossible to resist quoting from one of Davy Crockett's election speeches to a doubtful voter. The burden of the argument seems to have been physical, but here is the peroration:

"Said I, 'Ain't I the valler flower of the forest? I'm all brimstone but the head and ears, and that's aquafortis.' Said he, 'You're a beauty, and if I know'd your name I'd vote for you next election.' Said I, 'I'm that same Davy Crockett. You know what I'm made of. I've got the closest shootin' rifle, the best 'coon dog, the biggest bear-tickler and the ruffest rackin' horse in the district. I can kill more likker, cool out more men and fool more varmints than any man you can find in all Tennessee!' Said he, 'Good-morning, stranger; I'm satisfied.' Said I, 'Good-morning, sir; I feel much better since our meeting—don't forget about that vote!'"

Mr. Hough writes more closely than has been his habit in some of his short stories, but with the same plainsman's and mountaineer's eye for large and picturesque effects of humor. His pages are an undiluted pleasure and should take a higher rank than anything he has yet done in pure fiction. In a future edition, no doubt, the stupid proofreader's error that makes Boone marry Rebecca Bryan in 1855, thirty-five years after his death, will be corrected.

Professor Brigham's book suffers from a tamely inadequate style and the defect in method that he himself apprehended. The geographic influences and the historical facts do not fuse. They "stand aloof like cliffs that have been rent asunder." Perhaps, in a precise sense, "models in this field can scarcely be said to exist"; but a reading in Taine's Lectures on Art of the studies of geographic influences in Holland, Italy and Greece on national character will show classic examples of what has been done in analogous thought, and might with advantage be differently attempted here.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS IN IRISH DIALECT — To our way of thinking, they did very well as they were.

¶ There is an old academic thesis—to lend it so stiff backed a name: "Who gave more men employment, Alexander or Homer?" And after a mute reckoning of centuries of editors and commentators, printers and proofreaders, pedagogues and plagiarists, the answer goes to Homer.

Not Homer but the Arabian Nights give Mr. Elliott Flower employment. In Nurse Norah *(James Pott and Company)* he has translated six of the Entertainments into Irish dialect. It is doubtful if the head of the fair Scheherezade would have stayed on her shoulders for so many nights had the King been compelled to listen to her stories in the revised version.

During the course of a respectable number of years the originals have demonstrated their right to be considered popular. Why attempt to popularize them?

Why not let the classics be?

Books Received

Psychic Life and Laws, by Charles Oliver Sahler *(Fowler and Wells Company)*.

Man and the Divine Order, by Horatio W. Dresser *(G. P. Putnam's Sons)*.

New First Music Reader *(Ginn and Company)*.

My Candles and Other Poems, by Eliza Boyle O'Reilly *(Lee and Shepard)*.

Cheerfulness as a Life Power, by Orison Swett Marden *(Thomas Y. Crowell and Company)*.

Rips and Raps, by L. deV. Matthewman *(Frederick A. Stokes Company)*.

New Fortunes, by Mabel Earle *(A. S. Barnes and Company)*.

The Being with the Upturned Face, by Clarence Lathbury *(The Funk and Wagnalls Company)*.

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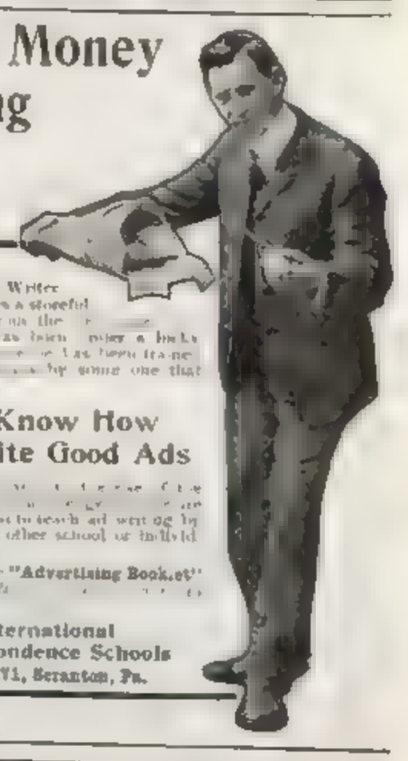

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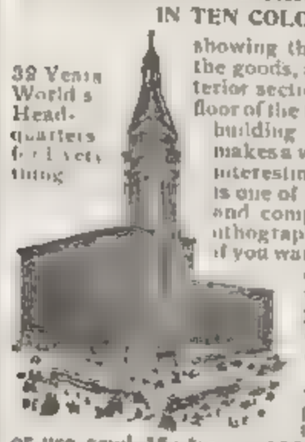

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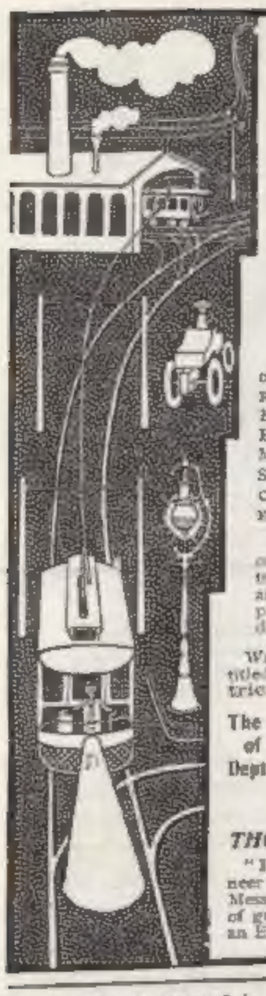

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The Reading Table

But He Got There

WHEN Matthew Arnold made his last tour of America he was invited to deliver a course of lectures at Princeton. As the branch road from the Princeton Junction to the town had not then been built, a parade of the students was to escort him in from the Junction and a big demonstration had been planned. Mr. Arnold, with the inborn punctuality of the true Briton, fearful of missing his lecture, disregarded the time set by Doctor McCosh, the president of Princeton College, and left New York for Princeton early in the morning. He, of course, got on a through express for Philadelphia, but the conductor stopped the train for his distinguished passenger, and he was let off in the wilds of Jersey, with a whole day to wait before he could get to the college.

Tired and hungry from his long wait, he at last started to foot it into Princeton, four miles through the mud. A teamster passed him on the road with a long flagpole on a pair of wheels, and the thoroughly disgusted lecturer jumped astride the big timber and was slowly carted toward Princeton. Just as President McCosh's carriage, gayly decorated for the triumphal procession, rolled slowly out of Prospect with a shouting parade of students to bear the great lecturer in from the Junction, they were thunderstruck to see the guest of honor himself coming slowly into view behind a pair of mules, seated astraddle the huge flagpole, with his legs dangling wildly in the mire. Matthew Arnold got there—but he most effectually broke up the triumphal procession.

All-Around Humor

WILLIAM WINTER, the dramatic critic, is thought to write the worst hand of any man now living. There may have been giants in the past, men like Horace Greeley, who surpassed him, but no one his equal remains. It is said that there is only one compositor left in the world who can read Mr. Winter's manuscript, and his health is anxiously watched by the publishers of the newspaper that uses it.

A few years ago Mr. Winter was traveling in Scotland, and made a journey to one of the Western Isles which contains one of the birthplaces of Macbeth. Communication has improved since Doctor Johnson's time, but nevertheless Mr. Winter had many amusing experiences and wrote an account of them to R. H. Stoddard in New York. Mr. Stoddard received the letter at breakfast, and, combining familiarity with the intuitions of the poet, managed to make it out and enjoyed several good laughs. He glanced up at Mrs. Stoddard and said:

"It's from William Winter. Very funny. Want to read it?"

"You know I can never read a word of his writing," answered Mrs. Stoddard.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," returned Mr. Stoddard, tossing the letter over; "it's just as funny to look at."

New Light on Reptiles

CIVIL service examination papers have long attracted the attention of students of American humor. There has always been, and probably always will be, disagreement as to which are funnier, the questions or the answers sometimes given to them. In an examination for a clerkship in the custom-house branch of the Treasury Department, recently held in New York, the official who looked over the papers came upon this gem:

Question: Name the five divisions of the class *Reptilia*.

Answer: Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, Malayan and American or Indian. The Caucasian attains the greatest size and is the most venomous.

In Marching Order

REPRESENTATIVE Edward J. Livernash, a new member of Congress from California, was among the first of the gold-seekers to reach the Klondike.

"We burdened ourselves with as little baggage as we thought possible," said Mr. Livernash, "but, being tenderfeet, we took vastly too much. One of our party, a chemist, during his stay there accumulated a number of fur pelts and discovered, when he got ready to come out, that he didn't have room in his trunk for half of them. A rough mining man who had made a fortune in the region was departing at the same time, and the chemist, having learned with what absence of impedimenta the Northern pioneer is accustomed to travel, went to the frontiersman and asked him if he could carry a few furs in his trunk as an accommodation.

"'Sure,' said the wealthy prospector; 'bring them along.'

"So the chemist," continued Representative Livernash, "carried a bundle of skins of martens, ermines and sea otter to the accommodating miner.

"'I hope these will not crowd you,' he observed.

"'Oh, no,' replied the miner with a grin, and opening his trunk he displayed its sole contents."

"What did they consist of?" Mr. Livernash was asked. "A mastodon's tooth and an unused linen collar," he replied.

With "Damnable Iteration"

A NUMBER of years ago, when the present Second Assistant Secretary of State, Alvey A. Adee, was Third Assistant, the writer was an employee of the State Department.

Answering a ring of the telephone, the following colloquy ensued:

"Will you kindly give me the name of the Third Assistant Secretary of State?"

"Adee."

"A. D. what?"

"A. A. Adee."

"Spell it, please."

"A."

"Yes."

"A."

"Yes."

"A——"

"Go to ——!" and the receiver was indignantly hung up.

His Official Title

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT attended a meeting, in Washington, of Bishops of the Episcopal Church a short time ago. In the course of his address Bishop Satterlee, of Washington, spoke of the President as "His Excellency."

"I don't like that," commented the President in a voice loud enough to reach the Bishop. "I don't like that at all."

The next time the Bishop referred to Mr. Roosevelt he called him "the President of the United States."

"That's better," said Mr. Roosevelt, nodding his head in approval at Bishop Satterlee.

Ballads of Bad Babies

By Harry P. Taber

Rodolph Mortimer McPhee
Chopped his papa's apple tree;
Took it to the shed and hid it.
When his papa asked who did it,
"I don't know," said Rodolph, "I
Ain't afraid to tell a lie.
I won't tell you what I've done.
I ain't no George Washin'ton."

II

Little Heinie Hassenpfeffer
Saw a gentle Jersey heifer
Eating up her noonday fodder.
"Ha!" he said, "I'll go an' prod 'er
With a pitchfork, so's to show 'er
She can't do so any more."
But the gentle Jersey heifer
Prodded Heinie Hassenpfeffer.

III

Once, when little Jimmy Bisnet
Had some custard pie for dinner,
He saw Uncle Joseph Tate
Coming through the garden gate.
Jimmy threw his custard pie
And hit his uncle in the eye.
"Gee!" said little Jimmy Bisnet,
"Pretty good for a beginner!"

IV

Wilhelmina Mergenthaler
Had a lovely ermine collar
Made of just the nicest fur,
That her mamma bought for her.
Once, when mamma was away,
Out a-shopping for the day,
Wilhelmina Mergenthaler
Ate her lovely ermine collar.

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"ELIJAH III" AND THE REPORTERS

A Story of the Higher Strategy

BY FRANK X. FINNEGAN

THIS is the veracious chronicle of how "Doctor" Dowie, "Elijah, the Restorer," circumvented, outgeneraled and overcame the vipers of the press, to the great joy of the faithful at Zion City.

It is not the tale as printed in Leaves of Healing, the official organ of "Elijah III," but the story is here set down as it is told in the lounging-room of the Chicago Press Club, where many of the vipers hide their rattles and sheathe their fangs under the balmy influences of sociability, and in the local rooms of newspaper offices when the first edition has been put to bed.

It was not long after Dowie's return from New York that his creditors began to put their heads together, and rumors of financial trouble at Zion City filtered into the newspapers.

Anything concerning "Elijah" Dowie has long been "good stuff" in Chicago newspaper offices; his fulminations against men and things in general are sufficient to give pause even to that lordly being, the night editor, and a receivership for Zion City, announced late one evening, gave many a city editor the aerial trip that is his portion about once a week.

When a special train bearing the receivers and a dozen deputy marshals of the United States Court pulled out for Zion City at ten o'clock that night it fairly dripped reporters. They jammed the smoker and clung to the steps. Dauntless scribes rode on the brake-beams, and the locomotive tender carried its quota. Wise city editors, who knew that things sometimes happen to newspaper men sent to Zion City, where the healed and the faithful greet them at the boundary-line with a canthook in one hand and a club in the other, assigned three or four men to the trip and advised them to "split up," hoping some one of them would escape the swift vengeance of Elijah and his hosts.

Just outside the little town on the shore of Lake Michigan a half-dozen far-seeing and long-headed reporters dropped off the train. They were going to execute a flank movement and run the guard-line while all the pickets were down at the station to see the train come in. But they reckoned without Elijah. As they stalked across the frozen fields toward the town they were suddenly advised to halt—and they halted. Restorationists do not all carry Bibles in their holsters, especially after dark.

"You fellows walk up here slowly and hold up your hands," called a gruff and business-like voice from the darkness.

"Keep on walking," said the pickets grimly when the visitors crossed the border, and thus they walked into the town and were halted near the Tabernacle.

Within the immense building the hosts of Zion were gathered, and Doctor Dowie was addressing them on the financial troubles that had overtaken the community. In there was the story. Behind those locked and guarded doors Elijah III was telling his followers all about it.

But their chafing and pleading and threatening were all wasted on the guards at the door, who regarded them with that brotherly hate which Elijah never fails to express for the vipers that made him what he is.

Suddenly the group of worried reporters was surrounded by stalwart guards formed in a hollow square, and the captain spoke.

"You people have no business here," he said sternly; "this is private property and you are all trespassers."

"Are not the streets of Zion City public thoroughfares?" one scribe made bold to ask.

"They are not," replied the hollow voice of the captain; "there is but one public highway in Zion. Come this way."

The hollow square began to move and the reporters went with it—away into the darkness, away from the meeting they were frantic to attend, down through the streets of the town to Sheridan Road, a State highway that existed before Dowie left Australia.

"Here is the only public highway in Zion," said the captain of the guards. "You can take your choice—this way is Milwaukee, that way is Chicago."

The hollow square broke up into a long line of guards, the reporters took one long, lingering look at the Tabernacle—and set out for the next town to catch a train for Chicago.

One lucky newspaper man, sanctimonious looking enough to pass for a Zionite, escaped the dragnet, however, passed the guards and entered the meeting at the Tabernacle. All would have been well had not his professional zeal outweighed his judgment. When the story began to get particularly "good" he longed with an intense longing to sit down beside a telegraph operator for a few minutes and tell his office about it. He knew the risk he would run in leaving the meeting and trying to run the guard again, but at last he slipped out and hurried to the railroad station, where he filed a dispatch to his paper.

An argus-eyed member of the "healed" suspected that all was not according to either Hoyle or Dowie. When the stranger left the meeting a squad of Zion guards was sent after him. He met them as he left the station on his way back to the meeting.

"What are you doing in Zion City?" demanded the leader of the party.

"I came here from Des Moines, Iowa, to visit a Mrs. Reynolds who is stopping at the Hospice," said the scribe without the quiver of an eyelash. The guards looked him over carefully.

"You can consider yourself under arrest until we find out about your story," said the leader.

"I suppose you'll let me telegraph my friends in Iowa that I am arrested," said the reporter; "I may need them."

"Go ahead," said the Zionite gruffly, and the prisoner calmly wrote two messages—one to an imaginary father in Iowa and the other to his paper that read like this:

Close up with what you have. No more coming from here. Pinched.

"Send this one and forget the Iowa one," he whispered to the operator, and that old trump, being white clear through, as is the way with operators, did as he was asked.

Then they marched the unconcerned newspaper man, who did not know a Mrs. Reynolds on earth, back to the Hospice, as they call the hotel in Zion; and, as the kind Fates would have it, there was the name of a Mrs. Reynolds on the register of four days before.

"Your friend has gone," said the guard.

"Thank Heaven," murmured the reporter, and he followed her excellent example.

One other newspaper man who thought to outwit Elijah III by the exercise of forethought fell some feet short of his expectations.

"Here's the idea," he said to himself as the train whisked him out to Zion City; "I'll go to the Hospice and register as soon as I get out there. Then I'll pass for a visitor and they'll never get next to me."

Foolish man. The eyes of Zion were on him from the time he stepped off the train. He registered and was assigned to a room; then, with the low chuckle of the successful man, he started for the Tabernacle meeting.

At the door he was stopped with three other reporters and the whole party was marched to the Hospice for examination.

"I want the key of my room, please," said the baffled scribe with much dignity.

"You cannot have it," said the urbane clerk.

"Why not?" demanded the indignant guest; "you are conducting a public inn here and I am a registered guest. Under the laws of Illinois I am entitled to entertainment, and I want my key."

"You are a suspicious character and have been caught in bad company," said the clerk, glaring at the other reporters, who were watching the proceedings with more amusement than the occasion warranted, "and as for entertainment, I will furnish you more than you desire if you are not outside the city limits in fifteen minutes."

Then the reporters went sadly away and woke up a Zionite who had a team and carriage and offered three dollars in money good anywhere to drive them to Waukegan.

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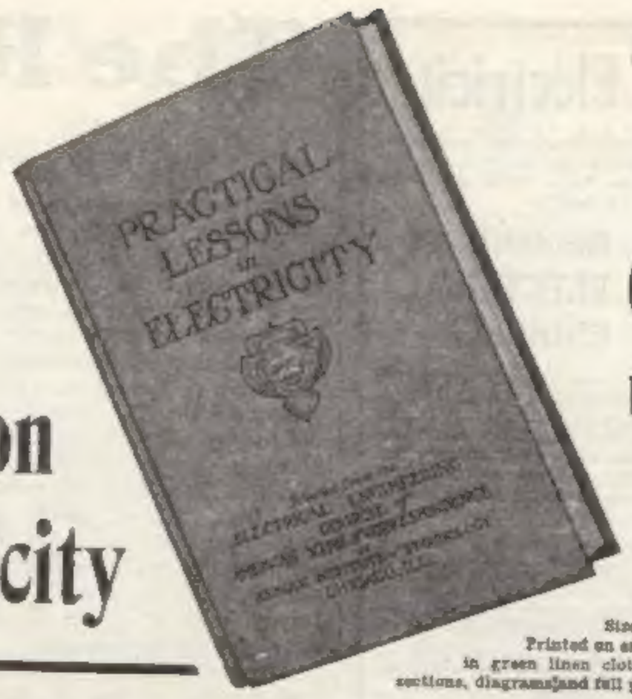

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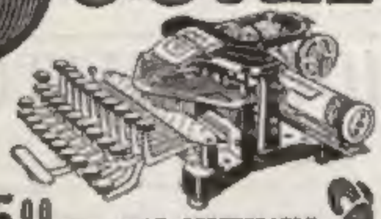

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The Negro as the South Sees Him

(Concluded from Page 2)

but there was always an understanding between them that lifted a negro out of the list of chattels. He doubtless appeared among chattels on the tax list or in the formal citations of the high sheriff—for the planters of that day and time were as subject to financial disasters as business men now are—but at home and in his place he was a personage of some importance.

The most considerate masters, if they possessed large plantations, with a corresponding number of negroes, usually placed a negro foreman in charge of the field hands. If he happened to be too hard a taskmaster, as was sometimes the case, the fact went from the field to the big house through the medium of the confidential house servant, and the trouble was forthwith corrected. In this way the old-time darky played a more useful part than has been placed to his credit.

During the day he was always to be found at his post of duty, but at night he made it his business to circulate among the negroes who rarely came in personal contact with the master. He heard the tales of discontent, the real or fancied wrongs of the negroes, and he smoothed them all over, for the field hands knew that whatever reports he made to the master would be carefully inquired into. The privileges of the typical house servant created no jealousy among the rest of the negroes, for they were aware that he held his confidential position by reason of his superior intelligence and tact.

In referring to the old-time darky and the confidential family servant, it would be unjust not to mention the dusky mammy, who played such a memorable part in plantation life. Her shade would resent it, not by loud words, but by a sidewise toss of the head, her countenance holding an eloquent expression, partly of protest and partly of regret. In many ways the memory of the old black mammy appeals to those who knew her well as one of the most attractive features of the plantation establishment.

The Black Mammy

In some respects she was the rival of the family servant I have been trying to describe, but she was altogether too shrewd to indulge in controversy unless the man deliberately invaded her own particular domain, and then she made herself heard and understood in no uncertain way. Usually, however, there never was a ripple of misunderstanding between them. Each knew the other's rights and respected them, and neither was jealous of the other's privileges.

If I had to choose between these two fragrant memories of the old days I think—indeed, I am pretty sure—that my choice would fall on the black mammy. The style of the man-servant was set by his master or by his master's father. His manners, his way of going about things, his very dress, were copies—unconsciously so, perhaps, but copies, nevertheless. He was only entirely natural when the children, the little boy or, maybe, the little girl, was graciously permitted to share with him his leisure hour. Then he would unbend and forget himself, and show that his genius lay parallel with that of Uncle Æsop.

But the old black mammy—she was never anything but herself from first to last; sharp-tongued, tempestuous in her wrath, violent in her likes and dislikes, she was wholly and completely human. At a word she was ready to cry or quarrel, but those who knew and appreciated her worth knew that a good deal of her temper and all of her shrewishness were merely assumed to conceal the tenderness that was ready to overflow with every beat of her pulse.

The reader of to-day will have various views when he has come thus far. He will declare, first, that I am putting forward a plea for slavery, and, second, that I am drawing the portraits of ideal negroes who exist only in the imagination. Be it so. I never had any hand or part in slavery, but I know that in some of its aspects it was far more beautiful and inspiring than any of the relations that we have between employers and the employed in this day and time. That, however, is a fact for the poets and the romancers to deal with.

Slavery itself is so far in the past that it seems like a dream. As for the old family servants, they are either gone or fast going, and we shall never behold their like again. May their souls repose in peace.

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THE COST

(Continued from Page 13)

be cold. Scenting a "hard-luck yarn" and a "touch" he lowered his temperature to the point at which conversation is ice-beset and confidences are frozen tight.

Fanshaw's "nerve" deserted him. "Herron," he said, dropping his prosperous pose, "I want to get a divorce and I want to punish Dumont."

Herron's narrow, cold face lighted up. He knew what everybody in their set knew of Fanshaw's domestic affairs, but like everybody else he had pretended not to know. He changed his expression to one of shock and indignation. "You astound me!" he exclaimed. "It is incredible!"

"He told me himself not an hour ago," said Fanshaw. "I went to him as a friend to ask him to help me out of a hole. And——" He rose and theatrically paced the floor.

Herron prided himself upon his acute conscience and his nice sense of honor. He felt that here was a chance to wreak vengeance upon Dumont—or rather, as he put it to himself, to bring Dumont to an accounting for his depravity. Just as Dumont maintained with himself a character of honesty by ignoring all the dubious acts which his agents were forced to do in carrying out his orders, so Herron kept peace with a far more sensitive conscience by never permitting it to look in upon his mind or out through his eyes.

"Frightful! Frightful!" he exclaimed, after a long pause in which his immured and blindfold conscience decided that he could afford to support Fanshaw. "I knew he was a rascal in business—but this!"

There was genuine emotion in his voice and in his mind. He was strict to puritanic primness in his ideals of feminine morality; nor had he been relaxed by having a handsome wife, looking scarce a day over thirty behind her veil or in artificial light, and fond of gathering about her young men who treated him as if he were old and "didn't count."

"You are certain, Fanshaw?"

"I tell you, he hinted it himself," replied Fanshaw. "And instantly my eyes were opened to scores of damning confirmations." He struck his forehead with his open hand. "How blind I've been!" he exclaimed.

Herron shook his head sympathetically and hastened on to business. "*We* can't handle your case," he said. "But Bowen & Sharpless, on the floor above, are reliable. And I'll be glad to help you with advice. I feel that this is the beginning of Dumont's end. I knew such insolent wickedness could not have a long course."

Fanshaw drew Herron on to tell the story of his wrongs—the "swindling." Before it was ended Fanshaw saw that he had found a man who hated Dumont malignantly and was thirsting for vengeance. This encouraged him to unfold his financial difficulties. Herron listened sympathetically, asked ingeniously delicate, illuminating questions, and in the end agreed to tide him over. He had assured himself that Fanshaw had simply undertaken too large an enterprise; the advance would be well secured; he would make the loan in such a way that he would get a large and sure profit, and would also bind Fanshaw firmly to him without binding himself to Fanshaw. Besides—"It wouldn't do for Fanshaw to go to the wall just now."

Arm in arm they went up to Bowen & Sharpless to take the first steps in the suit. Together they went downtown to relieve Fanshaw of the pressure of the too heavy burden of copper stocks; then up to their club where he assisted Fanshaw in composing the breaking-off letter to Leonora.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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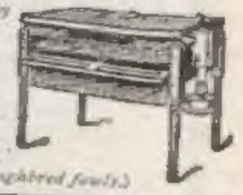

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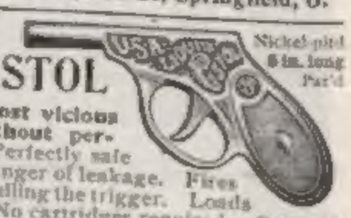

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